JOHN BULL, JULY 23, 1932

GIVE UP THAT GUN! By A. G. GARDINER On Page 13

TWOPENCE
Vol. LII.
1362.

JOHN BULL

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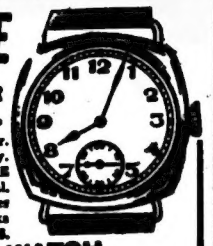

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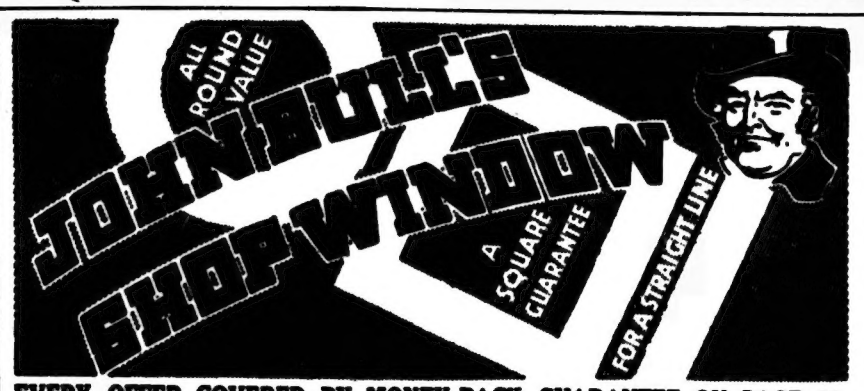

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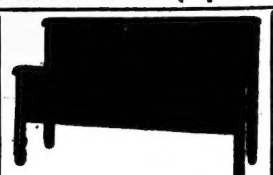

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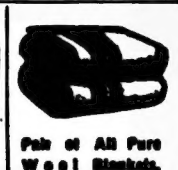

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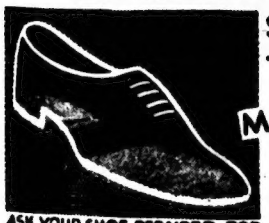

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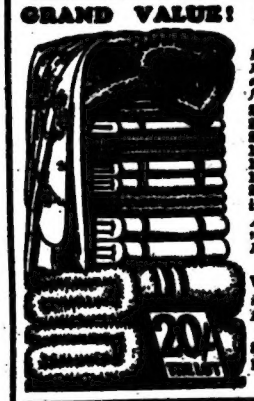

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11 inches deep 5/11. Super quality 8/11. Fine quality silk elastic 19/11. Sizes 32-46—3/- extra on all.

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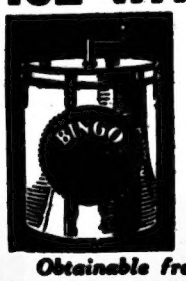

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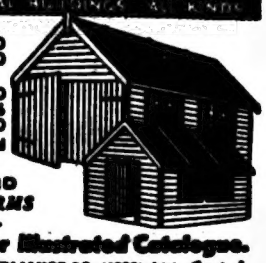

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BRITISH MADE SHIRTS

Fine Poplin Guaranteed Fadeless

WITH TWO COLLARS TO MATCH—

SECOND GREAT OFFER

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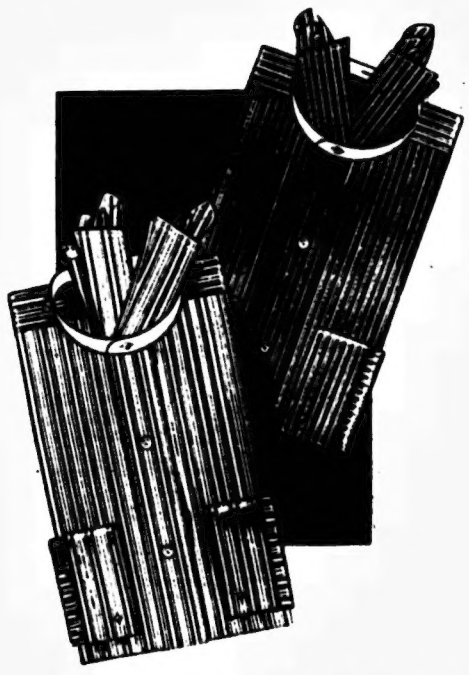
The Best 5 for 2d. cigarettes



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Start smoking 'Clubs' to-day, and save the empty packets.

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When you have collected 150 empty 'CLUBS' fives packets (or 75 tens packets) send them with your name and address. State clearly whether pattern A, B, C or D is required. Also state size of *outside collar* worn (not neckband).

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We Can't be GENTLEMEN Again!

HOW long can one be a gentleman?

Not very long in these hard times.

We have been gentlemen in the eyes of Mr. Chamberlain in 1932. Shall we be in 1933?

We very much doubt it—if the best is that we shall honour the "Gentleman's Agreement" in that little matter of income-tax next year as we have done this.

Under that agreement the hard-pressed income-tax payer helped Mr. Chamberlain out of his economy hole by promptly paying in instalments the first three-quarters of tax due last January.

He can't do it again—even if economy is still necessary and Mr. Chamberlain is still in a hole.

This time it must not be economy at the expense of the taxpayer; for while there is no limit to his patriotism there are definite limits to his patience and his purse.

That is why he expects something more reassuring than Mr. Chamberlain's statement in the House of Commons last week that no immediate relief in taxation can result from the £23,000,000 saving on the War Loan Conversion Scheme because it cannot be effected this financial year.

For one thing the much harassed income-tax payer does not count on waiting for a lightening of his burdens till the Budget of next April.

He wants to hear that something will be done about it before January 1 next. And Mr. Chamberlain should make it quite clear that something will be done.

WE cannot impress on him too strongly that the people he expects to be gentlemen to-day are no longer only the well-to-do. In the vast majority of cases they are comparatively poor members of the community.

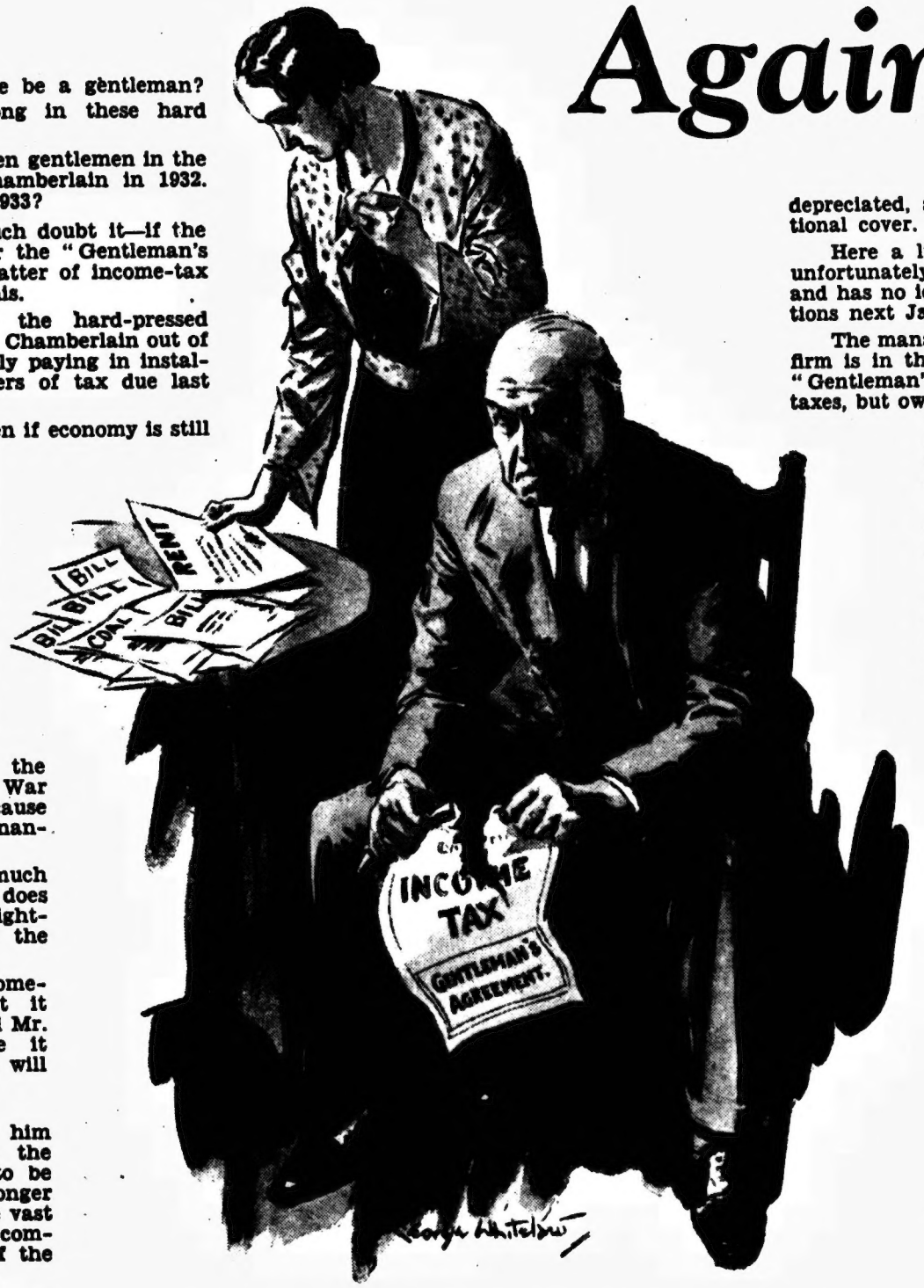
Hundreds of thousands of us, who a few years ago thought our slightly better-off neighbours were lucky to earn enough to receive a demand note from the collector of taxes, now receive demand notes ourselves.

A bachelor with over £100 a year is to-day expected to be a gentleman, as is a married man with an annual income of over £150.

These figures are untaxed "personal allowances," and under the Emergency Budget legislation of last September they were reduced from £135 and £225 respectively.

At the same time the untaxed allowance for the married man's first child dropped from £60 to £50 and from £50 to £40 for each subsequent child; and the full standard rate of tax rose by sixpence to five shillings in the £ and was payable on an additional £75 of income.

We say that this is an impossible burden for an impoverished community to bear for long.



SAVE OUR INCOME-TAX VICTIMS!

Another emergency has arisen to-day—this time an emergency demanding relief, not sacrifice.

Should Mr. Chamberlain doubt this, we can tell him that every day we receive indisputable evidence that if he is counting on the "Gentleman's Agreement" being honoured next January, as it was last, he will receive a severe shock.

Before it is too late, let him listen to these warning instances of hardships that have come to our knowledge.

A Liverpool draper tells us he had an extra £800 in taxes to pay. He refused to dismiss any of his employees, so obtained a bank loan of £1,000 against securities to meet the emergency.

Now the value of these securities has depreciated, and the bank has asked for additional cover.

Here a life policy came to his rescue, but, unfortunately, he is now crippled by bad trade and has no idea how he will face his tax obligations next January.

The manager of a department in a publishing firm is in the same boat. He entered into the "Gentleman's Agreement" with a collector of taxes, but owing to the serious illness of his wife was faced with the unexpected cost of two operations and nursing-home fees, which ran away with all his surplus funds.

The result was that he failed to be a "gentleman" and was threatened with distraint.

He asked his employers to advance the money, and they did so, deducting instalments off the loan from his salary each month. By December he will have repaid them, but in January he won't have a penny for the tax gatherer.

And here is the case of a labourer in Colne, Lancashire. He earned £94 for the half-year ended October 5 last, and ordinarily would have paid £1 3s. in tax for that period. But he had to find £3 15s.

That seems a trifling additional burden, but as he supports a young unemployed brother, for whom he can claim no relief, he drew the extra money out of the little he has put by in War Savings Certificates. He has just done the same thing to meet his liability for this last half-year.

HIS case is typical of thousands that have come to our notice, just as that of a tradesman at Sidcup, Kent, who is carrying on business with the aid of his bankers as he cannot collect his book debts because his customers have asked for extended credit owing to tax burdens, is representative of the plight of countless small traders.

Honestly, Mr. Chamberlain, it can't go on.

It is all very well for Lord Snowden to tell us it is very desirable that as soon as possible income-tax should be brought down to a lower level. But desire is not enough. We want to see pious words translated into action.

Above all, we look for a decrease in the amount of income on which the full rate of tax is payable, and for an increase in "personal allowances" since their drastic reduction dragged into the income-tax net last September hundreds of thousands of those whose pockets are lightest.

None of these people and none of the rest of us want to let Mr. Chamberlain down on January 1.

But we warn him that *if he lets us down* we can't, with the best will in the world, all be gentlemen again.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

Housing Scheme the Nation Must Condemn

THE Ministry of Health must most emphatically say "No" to the latest insidious attempt to put back the national housing clock.

We do not want to return to the bad old housing days of thirty years or so ago.

Yet that is what the London County Council proposes to do.

Almost unnoticed it has just passed plans for tenement dwellings with kitchen sinks in the living-room and only one bath for every three families.

Scrap it!

If such a scheme, which now awaits the Health Ministry's sanction, ever gets through it will soon develop into a national scandal, for many other councils, determined on so-called economy, are waiting to follow the L.C.C.'s misguided lead.

They must not be given the chance.

The Ministry of Health must pass the L.C.C. plans—straight into the waste-paper basket.

Greed

Hundreds of thousands of small investors are gladly sacrificing part of their income to make the great War Loan Conversion scheme a success. The banks should do the same.

They hold War Loan to the value of about £250,000,000. By acting as their own stockbrokers, they get five shillings commission on every £100 they convert.

So they're getting a free gift of about £600,000! And, in addition, they receive £2,500,000 or so in the bonus that is paid to all holders.

Here's their chance

All this is just for helping the country to reach better times.

Mr. Lansbury did well to appeal to all bankers and stockbrokers to show their patriotism by forgoing their 5s. per cent. commission, which in all, may cost us about five million pounds.

The banks have been to blame for much of our troubles. Now they have a great chance to make amends.

After Lausanne

The World Economic Conference, to be held in the autumn, will be called by the League of Nations

But it won't take place in Geneva. Mr. MacDonald means it to sit in London.

It will follow up the work of reconstruction begun in Lausanne. War debts will not be discussed But they'll be the big problem in the background.

Clean slate

When public opinion in the United States is more favourable, it may be possible to settle the war debts business just as the reparations problem has been solved at Lausanne.

Instead of cancelling war debts, America may be induced to accept a token payment in final settlement.

This would be as near a "clean slate" as perhaps is practicable. And not only ourselves, but the whole world would be better for it.

A fight we want

The economy axe must fall again in the autumn.

And Mr. Chamberlain says it will come down on old-age and widows' pensions, unemployment and health insurance.

There will be a big Parliamentary fight over these proposals. And no wonder! Economy is necessary, but it must not be allowed to hit the poorest classes in the community.

Mystery

Can you solve it?

In 1930 Canada sent seven typewriters to Britain, and twenty in 1931. But in the first five months of this year—during which a tariff was put on foreign typewriters — Canada exported here 3,522 duty-free typewriters.

It is suspected that United States makers are using Canada as an exporting base. This question, we are glad to note, will be raised at the Ottawa Conference.

The Greed of the Bankers

Holiday Prudes at it Again

Cleanliness is next to godliness—but the L.C.C. doesn't care

Round them up

We said it last week, and now Mr. A. G. Gardiner says it in his article "Give Up that Gun," on page 13.

The individual with a gun is both a menace to himself and to the public.

The truth is that lethal weapons, whether they be pistol, revolver, or gun, should not be in the hands of irresponsible people.

The sooner there is a round-up, the better.

Cold comfort

The mad English!

No wonder the foreigner still believes it

A Southend shopkeeper has just been fined £2 for allowing people to whom he sold ice-cream to eat it outside his shop instead of inside.

Now we will sing once more: 'Britons never, never, never shall be slaves." It is so comforting to know that.

In leading-strings

And look at Brighton. What a magnificent blow for freedom has been struck there!

The magistrates were asked to extend the licensing hours by one hour during the summer. After long consideration they granted an extension for half an hour.

What foolish nonsense it all is!

Spank them!

The guests at a society "dressing-up" party a few days ago were asked to come attired as children between the ages of five and fourteen.

They did so, and if they felt as ridiculous as they looked perhaps we ought not to complain.

But it would have done no harm if an old-fashioned father had turned up and treated them as he used to treat "children between the ages of five and fourteen."

So it goes on

For three years a woman, her husband and four children have had to sleep in a tiny boxroom at Sutton-in-Ashfield.

She made frequent applications to the local council for a house, but all were ignored. Council houses were let to childless couples.

Then her despairing letter to the Ministry of Health was sent to its district inspector, who sent it to the medical officer for Nottinghamshire. He passed it to the medical officer for the borough, who forwarded it to the chairman of the housing committee.

This official placed it before the council, which has deferred consideration of the pathetic appeal.

Poor woman!

P.C. Prude

Mr. Justice McCardie complains of a great increase of serious crime, especially by offenders under thirty.

Margate policemen have been instructed that when they are not directing holiday traffic they are to keep a look-out on the sands for bathers who do not wear their costumes as members of the town council like them to be worn.

Crime will continue to increase so long as the police are wasted on silly duties of this sort.

White hopes

Watch the Whites!

An anti-Bolshevist organisation was formed at a secret meeting of Tsarist Russians in London recently.

We hope Sir Herbert Samuel, the Home Secretary, will keep his eye on them. We don't want foreign plotters in Britain—Red or White.

Bumbledom

Dickens' Bumble was an overbearing fellow, but what about this?

The master of Woodstock poor law institution refused admission to a poor woman, who shortly afterwards gave birth to a baby in a rickyard.

And the local assistance committee approved his action!

Fortunately, the Oxford Public Assistance Committee has decided otherwise, and severely censured the master.

Yes, and quite right, too!

End at last?

Shall we ever see the end of mine explosions, with their terrible toll of life and limb? Let's hope so.

The Secretary for Mines has just arranged for a new fire-damp alarm to be thoroughly tried in three mines where gas exists.

If the tests are satisfactory, all mines may be required to install this equipment.

Every miner, we know, will share our hope that they *will* be satisfactory.

Imbeciles

There are still some people who flaunt their silliness for money.

So "pole-squatting," the most degrading and absurd contest imported from America, is still going on over here.

It attracted six competitors at Ashington, Northumberland, the other day. One, after crooning happily for a time, yielded to sleep and fell off his perch.

The others sustained the ordeal for fifty-two hours, and shared the £20 prize among them.

Such contests are dangerous to health, and should be prohibited.

Funerals and flannels

A lot of people pretend to be shocked by the recent action of Mr. V. W. C. Jupp, the Northamptonshire cricketer.

He attended, in flannels, the funeral of a famous old supporter of Northamptonshire cricket, and then dashed back to the ground just too late to help save his side against Gloucestershire.

The dead enthusiast would not have been shocked had he known. He would have thought it hard luck for his old club.

Change of job

A man of remarkably varied interests is Mr. Charles Mayfield, of 3, Duchess Road, Clifton, Bristol, who describes himself as an inventor.

We received many complaints of his business methods when he advertised for spare-time workers, who were required to pay a deposit of 5s. or 10s.

Now he has written to a reader, saying that he has discovered ancient documents of great interest, and offering to supply a copy for half-a-crown.

Were his inventions, then, so unprofitable?

Poison pills

Sir Bernard Spilsbury says it is not customary to mark as "poisonous" pills which contain strychnine. Well, it ought to be.

A London baby who swallowed some of these pills the other day has died as a result. There was no poison label on the box.

Surely it's only common sense that medicine which is deadly poisonous if taken by the wrong person should be clearly marked?

What he forgot

Coals are not taken to Newcastle nowadays, but to—South Wales!

And Mr. David Grenfell, M.P., is worried about it. He has even raised the matter in the House of Commons

But he ought to know better. The Scottish coal imported into South Wales is gas coal, which Wales can't produce.

Monstrous

It doesn't always pay to be public-spirited.

Wigton, Cumberland, has several unemployed men in its fire brigade. When they attended a recent fire, they each received three shillings—but 5s. 2d. was deducted from their "dole" in consequence!

Deaf

John Higgins, of Radcliffe, Lancashire, is deaf and dumb, and he has just been fined 7s. 6d. for keeping a dog without a licence.

He said he thought he was as much entitled to exemption as a blind man, since he was guided by the dog's bark if anyone knocked at the door.

But the magistrates were deaf to this explanation. They must have forgotten, too, that the poor box is for such cases.

Warning

Beware of the bogus rent-collector.

A young man has done well in Birkenhead by claiming to be acting for the usual collector who, he says, is on holiday.

Strange collectors should be asked to produce undeniable credentials.

PEDESTRIANS *must also Read these—*

Plain Words to MOTORISTS

by H. D. MORGAN,

Road Manager for the Royal Automobile Club and former Chief Constable at Scotland Yard

WHY is it that there is a certain type of ordinarily decent and forbearing citizen who, once seated at the wheel of a motor-car, becomes suddenly transformed into a thoughtless, unmannered and unmanageable boor? Most of us know of cases like that; some of us have recognised it, sadly enough, among our own immediate acquaintances; but almost all of us know of it from first-hand observation either as pedestrians or motorists.

Why it should be so was a constant puzzle to me during my long service in the Police Force. It remains a puzzle to me still.

I am not going to indulge in any fancy as to the many causes, psychological or otherwise, which can work this strange change. The fact is that motorists of this type unfortunately exist—and exist in considerable numbers. And they have been responsible more than anything else, perhaps, for the mass of restrictive legislation on motorists and motoring.

They are no doubt largely responsible, too, for the terrible toll of life exacted on British roads every year which led Mr. Justice Goddard to declare at Lewes Assizes the other day that "our roads are strewn with dead and injured people."

Dangerous motorists can be divided into two categories—"the bully at the wheel" and "the fool at the wheel." But they both have one thing in common—they are utterly devoid of any "road sense" whatever.

The bully who *won't* acquire it can be dealt with, and he is being dealt with under the new powers granted to the police.

THE fool is the problem—the man who hasn't tried to acquire road sense, or blithely thinks it is not necessary.

Road sense means many things besides ensuring the safety of oneself and one's passenger. It implies restraint and forethought and good manners. It means, above all, care and consideration for all using the highways.

It applies to others besides motorists—pedestrians and all who use the road. Everybody is learning it—the good motorists, the careful pedestrian, the police, even the children at school. Everybody *except the bully and the fool at the wheel.*

Everywhere the way of the motorist is being made safer and more comfortable for him by the acquired road sense of pedestrians, police, and other road users. And the fool and the bully take advantage of it.

The police as a whole possess in a high degree road sense. I am convinced of that from my experience of their work in regulating traffic.

They also show the greatest consideration and care for the road user, as these instances will show:

On a bitterly cold night recently a stolen car was found abandoned in a by-road in a London suburb. The policeman who found it duly reported it, and the car was taken to a police station until the owner could be found.

The first thing the police did was to open the radiator cap and let all the water out of the radiator as soon as the car was safely in the police "pound," and in so doing probably saved the motorist the cost of a new radiator.

A few years ago such a thing would never have been done. The car would have been towed to the "pound" and there left untouched.

And this was what happened in a bad South London smash a few weeks ago, when broken glass from the windscreen of a wrecked car was strewn all over the road.

The mobile police were quickly on the scene, and the first thing they did was to sweep all the glass from the roadway—a first thought for road users which would probably never have occurred to the policemen of a few years ago. They would merely have rung up the borough council and waited for the street cleaners to come along in their own good time.

I was driving recently along a road leading out of London, and was held up, with a string of other cars, by a traffic officer at cross roads. When he waved us on, the car in front of me went on a few yards, and then stopped dead. From behind it I could see its woman driver working frantically and unsuccessfully with her gear lever.

The policeman left his point, opened the door of the woman's car and immediately adjusted something inside. And with a polite "Thank you," the woman drove on without further trouble.

That is a good example of road manners that the bully and the fool at the wheel might well profit by.

I am often asked "What is road sense?" If I were to define it in a phrase I would call it a quick perception of what *might happen* in such a circumstance as when, say, a child is rolling a hoop along the pavement.

The driver of an oncoming vehicle notices the child, but he should do more than that. He should be ready to act if the hoop goes into the road and the child runs after it.

If he has the road sense of the expert he will also know from experience that ninety-nine times out of a hundred the child, having started to cross the road, would continue to run straight to the other side, whereas an adult will invariably stop and turn back.

The good driver's instinctive faculty of care is not a gift entirely. It can be acquired by training.

The London General Omnibus Company's drivers are a model for every car driver. Their 4,600 'buses travel every year 186,000,000 miles, and each driver does sixty-one miles a day.

FOR the greater part of their working day the 'buses travel in crowded districts, under conditions which impose a great nerve strain on any driver.

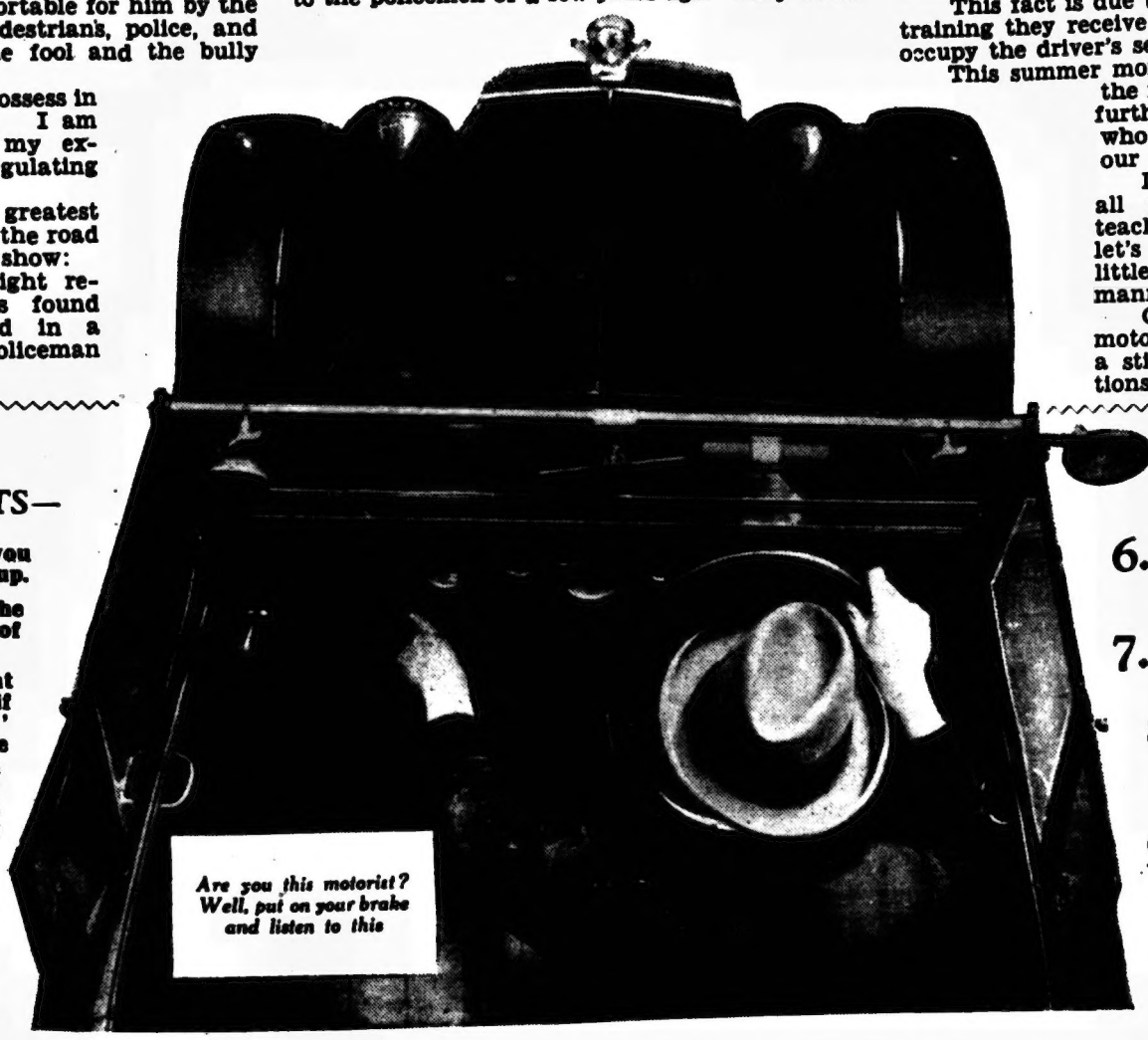
Yet, in spite of those conditions and of the vast mileage covered, the number of fatal accidents in which these 'buses are concerned is rarely more than eighty each year. Every year, too, the number of accidents has shown a progressive decline.

This fact is due to the careful and thorough training they receive before they are allowed to occupy the driver's seat.

This summer more drivers than ever are on the roads, and among them is a further crop of bullies and fools, who are the real menace on our roads.

Let all good motorists—and all pedestrians, too—unite in teaching them a lesson. And let's hope they will learn a little about road-sense and road manners

Otherwise the pleasures of motoring may be swamped under a still further mass of restrictions.



Are you this motorist? Well, put on your brake and listen to this

MY TEN COMMANDMENTS—FOR MOTORISTS

1. —Don't show off. If you do you may be shown up.
2. —Do the right thing. The majority do. Be one of the majority.
3. —Drive extra carefully at week-ends, especially if you are a 'seven-day' driver. Most of the pleasure drivers are on the road then. They are not so familiar as you may be with local conditions.
4. —Don't bully — either with your car or your tongue.
5. —Don't speed through cities. A maximum of 20-30 m.p.h. is pleasant and safe.
6. —Don t drive on your horn. You irritate yourself and o t h e r s. Irritation frequently causes accidents.
7. —Don't argue with the policeman. He is doing what he considers to be his duty.
8. —Don't hurry in traffic. Remember the car you've just passed will be on your tail at the next stop.
9. —Be calm. Be cool. Be easy. Don't get 'carried away,' and there'll be less risk of yourself or others being 'carried away' in another sense.
10. —Study the highway code, and practise it.

MORE SECRETS of a WOMEN'S PRISON

The WOMAN

¶ *Told to "John Bull" by a wardress who recently retired after eleven years' service*

The woman with two hundred convictions... "She would show her resentment by smashing up everything in her cell"

DURING the eleven years I served as a wardress in women's prisons I saw in full measure the seamy side of life.

But it is not all seamy. Behind it often lie stories of devotion that reveal the finest traits of human nature. Here is one of the touching instances of it.

For some reason or other a woman who was always in and out of prison for drunkenness—she had over two hundred convictions—came to like me.

This woman was always very violent when she was first brought in, and would show her resentment by smashing up everything in her cell. The other wardresses could do nothing with her, but she always became quiet at the sound of my voice.

One day, after she had been released, I received a note from her telling me she was ill, and asking if I would visit her in hospital. The matron gave me permission to do so, and I went at once, to find the ex-prisoner obviously very ill.

She caught sight of me as I entered the ward, and I shall never forget the look of joy on the poor creature's face when she realised that one person, at least, had thought of her.

She asked me to call again, and I promised to do so, but a few days later I heard that she was dead.

Her death revealed a wonderful example of the charity of poor people.

When she was out of prison she made her home with a widowed sister. She had a craving for methylated spirits, and the sister never knew whether she would be home or not.

Because of that, for eighteen years she had left the door of the house open at night, in case her erring sister should find her way home.

Sometimes this oft-convicted woman—the hardest case I ever knew—would come noisily in, but more often than not she would be arrested and taken to the police station. She was obviously a hopeless case.

Yet that poor widow, struggling to bring up a family, had given a home to her sister through the long years.

One wreath . . .

She had even refused an offer of marriage, though it would have solved her financial difficulties. She knew that no man could tolerate such a life, and considered that it was her duty to look after her sister, who might otherwise have sunk to even deeper degradation.

If ever there was a saint that widow was one.

She was too poor to buy flowers, and the only wreath laid on the grave of the oft-convicted woman was one from the wardresses of the prison where she had spent so much of her life.

These recollections, though sad enough, are among the more pleasant of those connected with my career in a great Northern jail. Less pleasing to look back upon are the frequent "differences of opinion" between prisoners and officers.

Where so many turbulent women are herded together, restricted by the rules of discipline, it is natural that tempers should boil over, resulting in scenes of violence.

Prison life does not tend to improve the tempers of the wardresses. It is really more monotonous for them than it is for the prisoners, for while the inmates have their work to occupy them, the principal duty of the officers is to see that they do it.

Most of their time is spent in watching—day after day, month after month, year after year.

After morning exercise the prisoners are made to sit on chairs separated from each other, while they do their work of sewing or knitting.

They are forbidden to talk, and the wardresses are seated on high chairs overlooking them.

Often I have sat for three hours watching, and wondering who would break the silence, until I used to feel like screaming with very boredom.

Generally there was an undercurrent of murmuring talk which it was difficult to detect, and this continual buzzing was agonising.

The women would talk with their teeth closed, or from the corners of their mouths, and it was impossible to say where the conversation was coming from.

My first fight was the result of the talking of two women. Two of the worst convicts flung all caution to the winds while they were at work one day, and began to talk openly.

When ordered to stop they refused to do so, and began to use foul language. A wardress intervened, and they both sprang at her and attacked her.

The outburst

I jumped down from my chair and joined in. That was the first "rough house" of my life, and I never imagined that women could fight as they did.

Scratching, biting, kicking, they fought like two tigers, and by the time we got them to their cells both of us had torn faces and clothes and dishevelled hair.

My clothes were badly torn, but the uniform of the other officer was absolutely in rags.

One of the worst assaults on a wardress was made by a woman who had been ordered punishment for some petty offence. She was before the governor, with a wardress on either side of her.

Just as she was about to be removed to her cell, she sprang on one of the officers like a wild cat, getting a fearful grip of her hair with both hands.

There she remained, kicking, screaming and struggling, tugging all the time at the officer's hair.

Two officers rushed to their colleague's assistance, but it was ten minutes before they could get the frenzied woman to release her hold.

When at last they managed to get the prisoner off, she had pulled out handfuls of the wardress's hair by the roots.

That officer was a plucky woman. Although she must have suffered agonies, she made no sound while the woman was pulling away at her long hair. Afterwards she nearly fainted with the pain, and she was led away with bowed head to the hospital.

The day after the assault her forehead and the back of her neck were masses of bruises, and she was on the sick list for weeks.

The prisoner was punished by being put on a diet of bread and water for a few days. This was the most severe punishment for women prisoners, but it seemed hardly severe enough for such a savage attack.

Occasionally, the monotony of prison life was broken by some event of a more or less exciting nature.

The birth of a baby to one of the prisoners used to occasion a good deal of bustle and excitement, making a bigger stir in the dull routine than anything else.

The wardresses made a great fuss of any babies which came to the prison or were born there, and by the time the infants left jail they were thoroughly spoiled.

Nowadays the wardresses are deprived of the little pleasure of looking after babies, for women's prisons are staffed with nurses, who have charge of all these matters.

A good many babies are born in prison. The mother gets every care and attention possible both before and after the arrival of the baby, and the little ones thrive better in prison than they would, in most cases, outside.

Though some of the prospective

They COULDN'T MAKE GOOD —and her SISTER was a SAINT

mothers were in poor physical condition when they came into prison, and had led none too quiet lives while they were outside, I never heard of a case of a mother dying in childbirth while I was in the service.

Women who came into prison with babies under nine months old were allowed to keep them, a cot being provided in the mother's cell for the little one. If the woman was serving a long term of imprisonment the baby was eventually taken away from her and sent to relatives or to a home.

Many of the women, of course, were unfit to look after babies. I recall one woman of violent temper whose baby was born and christened in the prison.

Frenzied mother

She was allowed to have it with her until the day she fought with two or three wardresses outside her cell, and then rushed in and smashed up all the furniture.

The baby, which was lying in the cell, was, fortunately, unhurt, but it was judged best to take it away from the mother. This baby was sent to a home.

Other little things happened which helped to pass the time and cause a little talk. The convict women were incorrigible practical jokers, and used to delight in "pulling the legs" of newcomers.

One new prisoner who was given the regulation pocket-handkerchief, a large blue-and-white check affair like a duster, asked an old prisoner what she was to do with it.

"You must tie it round your neck," said the old hand. The greenhorn did so, and was reprimanded for breaking the dress regulations.

"When you get your suet pudding, dearie, be sure and put it outside the cell for jam," said another old convict to a recently arrived prisoner.

She did so, and her pudding promptly disappeared into the next cell.

Another woman found a paper package of pink bath salts while she was cleaning.

"Look, I've found a packet of sweets," she said to a very greedy prisoner, who snatched the packet and swallowed the bath salts, with unpleasant results.

Practical jokes

Most of the prisoners were addicted to the snuff habit, and would do anything to get snuff. One ingenious practical joker conceived the idea of powdering brick dust, and handing it round as snuff. Her victims were loud in their outcries.

Often I would notice a smell of cooking when the women were at work in the laundry, and discover that some of them had saved some potatoes from a meal and were busy frying them in tins over the fire.

Another favourite trick was to save some bread and "iron" it with the hot flat-iron until it became a thin slice of crisp toast.

I used to feel sorry for the first offenders, most of whom felt their shame keenly. Gradually some of these first offenders became old prisoners as they came in time after time, and eventually they would arrive with a swagger, as old residents.

I made it my business to have heart-to-heart talks with the young girls who were making their first acquaintance with prison life.

Many of them never came back again, but some, unfortunately, did. One girl of seventeen appeared to listen deeply when I pointed out the error of her ways, and when she left I never expected to see her again.

But she came back, and when she caught sight of me she felt so ashamed of herself that she hid behind a door.

Old convicts love to get into conversation with first offenders, so as to put them up to evil ways. The two classes of prisoners are separated, of course, and every endeavour is made to prevent them conversing, but all precautions are powerless against the mysterious whispering galleries of the prison.

Same old cell!

I remember particularly one case of a woman who was led astray through her contact with old convicts. She received a short term of imprisonment for some contravention of the Aliens Order—purely a technical offence. She was a well-educated woman with a knowledge of several languages, and was by no means a criminal.

But while she was in prison she learned the art of shoplifting from some of the old offenders, and soon after her release she was back again—this time with a sentence of twelve months' imprisonment for shoplifting.

The prisoners used to look forward to the day of release with varying emotions. Some would anticipate it eagerly, and on the great day would be up before the first bell, ready dressed for outdoors, with their cells in apple-pie order. Others would not be out of bed when the wardresses came to remind them they were going out.

"Why should I go out?" they would reply. "I shall soon be back again, and I don't want to go out anyway."

Sure enough, prisoners of this type would be in again within a few days, with a demand to be put back into their old cell. Generally, if this was occupied they would create such a scene that only the promise of shifting the occupant and letting them go back again would quieten them.

The most conscientious case of anticipation I can recall was a woman who was in for five years, and who kept an exact account of the days and Sundays she had still to serve. Every day when I went in she would tell me the number of days which had to elapse before she regained her freedom.

"Fancy, miss," would be her morning greeting, "I have only got one thousand three hundred and forty-two days and a hundred and ninety-two Sundays before I go out."

This went on day after day until only six days and one Sunday remained—and then, in the excitement of getting ready, she lost count!

Not long afterwards this woman was back again—this time for eight years. Again she started counting—"two thousand eight hundred and sixty-four . . ." —and so on. I expect she is counting yet.

Jail pets

Some of the women used to make pets of birds and even mice. One prisoner used to have a little band of mice call on her regularly after the cells had been locked for the night, to feed on the pieces of bread she left for them.

Another actually made a pet of a rat—woman's pet aversion—which would climb on to the window sill outside at the same time every evening.

She never could go so far as to invite him inside, but one night the rat found his way in without invitation. The woman shrieked in terror for the night wardress, who rushed along and killed the rat as it frolicked inside the cell.

No woman ever escaped from this prison or tried to do so—they were too comfortable for that—but occasionally attempted escapes on the part of male prisoners in the other wing sent a thrill of excitement through the women's section.

One day we learned that a male convict had escaped and was on the hospital roof. Stripping off his coat, he climbed up and down the roofs, playing hide and seek behind the chimney pots, and threatening to throw loose tiles down upon the warders who were climbing after him.

Our prisoners could see little of this performance, but every detail of it was in some way known to them all, and they followed the man's adventures with tremendous interest.

Interlude

Eventually a fire hose was brought into play upon the roof, but the convict merely hid behind the chimney and escaped a drenching.

Warders sliding about on the wet roof on hands and knees could get nowhere near him, and he spent the greater part of the day on the roof, cheered on by a huge crowd of sightseers which had gathered in the street below.

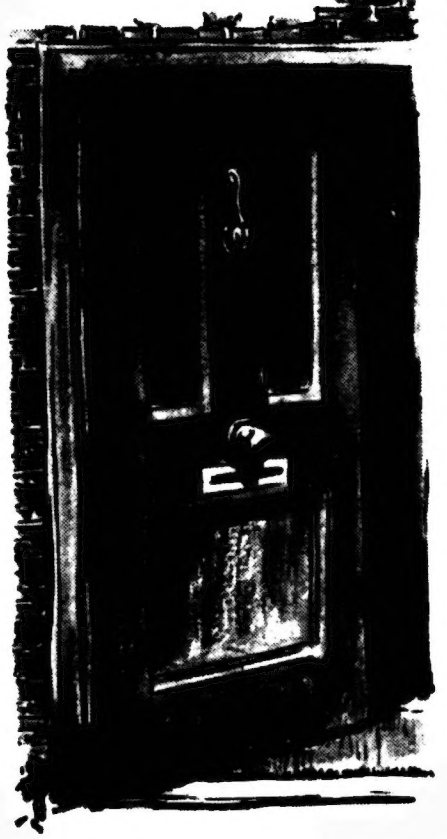
He got tired at last, and came very quietly down a ladder into the hands of the warders who were waiting patiently below.

Such things as this were the high lights in a picture of grey monotony—a routine of prisoners going out and others coming in, of watching and waiting and sighing for . . . no one knew what.

Nothing really worth while of life, laughter, or culture ever filtered in to those half-lights.

Perhaps if I had not had my dreams and hopes I might have been more contented with my lot—might have been a better wardress.

But I definitely regret the years I passed as a prison officer. I feel that I have wasted the best years of my life unnecessarily.



"For eighteen years she had left the door of the house open in case her erring sister should find her way home"

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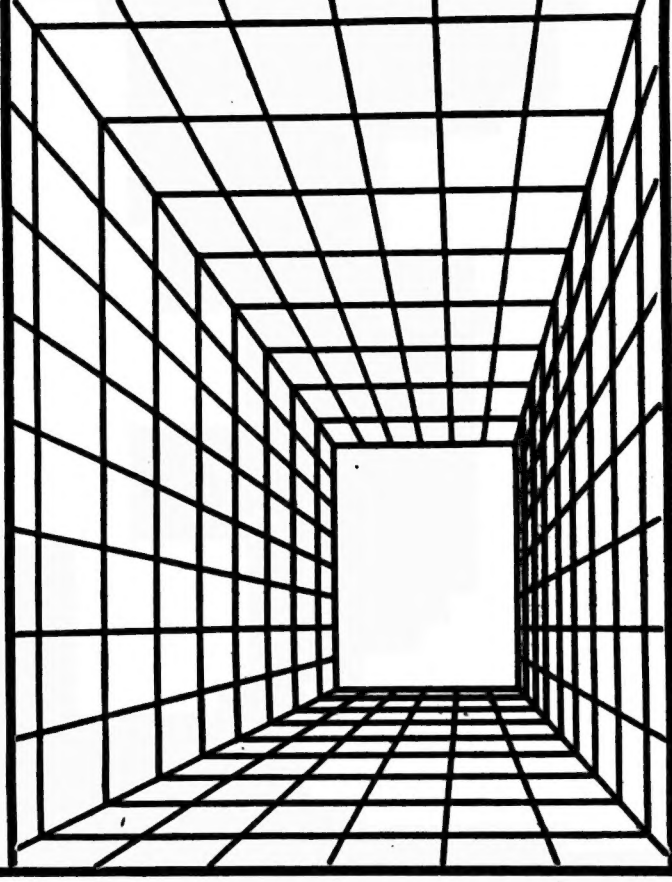

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Cannon Swaffer's Open Letter to the Bishop of Durham

Why DESPISE the COMMON MAN?

Dr. Hensley Henson, the Bishop of Durham doesn't know the Common Man

MY LORD,—

I find it strange to address a clergyman in this way, but, by some curious paradox of government which still survives, you belong to the only Church in the land which is entitled to be represented in the House of Lords, or the House of Landlords, as it has been so often called.

From your place in that august Chamber—a Chamber barred to Catholic bishops and to leaders of the other great churches in the land—you have been pleased to lecture ordinary men and women in such a way that you have met with condemnation.

Indeed, so kindly a Christian as George Lansbury, who belongs to your denomination, and who has himself addressed the Church Congress in his time, has felt impelled to say of you: "The bishop has not yet begun to understand that the teaching of Christ is to inculcate human brotherhood, human worth and the equal value of every human being in the sight of God."

"The masses of our people are quite unfitted for leisure," you said recently.

* * *

In the House of Lords, a few weeks ago, you stood up and told your fellow peers, who, being nearly all of them rich men, applauded you, that the great industrial districts were spending too much money, because "the population is composed almost entirely of wage-earners, people not accustomed to handling a large sum of public money. "The great industrial communities are very young. They have no tradition of ordered life, with all the variety of interests and experience able to produce individuals competent for financial management."

It was the "tradition of ordered life" that led to the condition in which the Great War was possible. It is where there is most "ordered life" that things are most backward. Cathedral towns, as a rule, are the most backward of all.

But how would you bishops know?

* * *

Now and then we hear of your brother bishops in some remarkable way, such as when, on the Stiffkey case, they spend thousands of pounds of money found by tithe-paying farmers, already heavily embarrassed. We hear of you and the other bishops when you quarrel—when Birmingham and Truro have a row over vestments or ritual, or when you and the others quarrel over the Prayer Book. Otherwise, no one ever thinks of you.

You bishops are on your defence. We are not on ours.

Now and then, we hear of bishops attacking mixed bathing, or finding fault with films, about which they know nothing, or becoming very angry because people will not go to their churches or their cathedrals.

You bishops nag, every now and then, but you lead nowhere, and most of you are merely a costly extravagance.

I should have expected from you, my lord, just now, for no one can deny your intelligence, an impassioned plea for the reduction of armaments, instead of an attack upon expenditure on roads.

I should not have thought you would feel this the time, when your Church is so much criticised, to sneer at the average man and woman, who feel compelled to try to rule themselves because of the failure of their "pastors and masters" to do so in the past.

In the Catechism, taught in the churches under your control, I read that children are still made to learn that their duty towards their neighbour is "To submit myself to all my governors, teachers, spiritual pastors and masters; to order myself lowly and reverently to all my betters."

A cynical man, years ago, paraphrased this into the rhyme:

God bless the Squire and his relations,
And keep us in our proper stations.

The crowds you criticise are the modern men and women. They fought, and their sons fought, in the war, for a new world. Hundreds of thousands of them died in the war. The survivors are trying hard to find a way to peace.

They know that of every pound of taxation, 14s. is spent on war and only 6s. on the social improvements which you seem to dislike.

They demand a better England, at any cost. The old one cannot go on. They look to bishops like you for inspiration in their work for betterment. They look in vain to the Church for guidance. They merely find people like you reciting the prayer, "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven," and then, when they try to make this true, they find that the Church of England owns many of the slums they seek to abolish. And they find the bishops, so often, on the wrong side.

After all, the bishops opposed the abolition of slavery. Bishops supported flogging in the Navy, just before the war. Nearly always they are wrong.

Come out on the people's side, my lord! You have the brains to help them to the things they want.

Speeches such as yours will not only retard Progress; they will bring down, amid the ruins of many other things, the Church of which you could be such an ornament.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Mr. ROBERT BOOTHBY, M.P.,
7, Pall Mall, London, S.W.

DEAR SIR,—Your warning to the Government against foolish "economies" in productive expenditure was impressive because you are a Conservative—and a Member for Aberdeen!

Your threat to vote against such economies was yet more impressive.

When the meaning of "economy" is distorted to cover the wholesale cutting down of spending at any cost it is good to hear some voices raised in protest. Thank you!

JOHN BULL.

Mr. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW,
Whitehall Court, London, S.W.

DEAR SAGE,—The expense of children should not be borne by their parents. You told us in a sparkling radio talk the other night.

But you were rash enough to add that if women had any sense they would threaten the Government with birth control and refuse to become mothers until they were State-guaranteed.

Think what the world would have lost had your mother taken up this attitude!

JOHN BULL.

LORD GLANELY,—Delighted you outbid Americans for Solario, famous horse. Unthinkable we should lose such a wonderful stallion. More than ever you are a pillar of the British Turf. —JOHN BULL.

NORMAN ROWE,
Millbrook, Cornwall

BRUTE,—You and a companion, Harold Hector Peters, have just been sent to prison for two months.

I wish it could have been for two years.

After you had operated on a pony, it bled for two days, and a veterinary surgeon said it must have suffered agonies of pain. Peters rode the animal in this condition, and it died soon after.

I cannot imagine more heartless behaviour.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. J. G. MORRISON,
Longsight, Manchester

DEAR SIR,—While awaiting fares at your taxi-cab wheel, you have for years been studying mechanical engineering.

Now you have been awarded the degree of Bachelor of Science with first-class honours.

What a fine example of perseverance and determination to succeed! You should go far, sir.

JOHN BULL.

G. B. COLE, Manchester: As Chief Inspector of Weights and Measures, you secured conviction of rogue who put accurate scales on sloping board and so robbed his customers. This fraud, you say, is common in Manchester. You're doing your job in stamping it out.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. J. F. CROOME,
Bromley, Kent

DEAR SIR,—Income-tax collectors are never popular with their clients, but you deserve to be.

When a man was summoned for tax arrears the other day, you told the magistrates that "this poor chap can pay nothing at all," and suggested that the summons should be indefinitely adjourned.

I like your common sense and practical sympathy.

But why was the summons ever served on a man who has been unemployed for eighteen months?

JOHN BULL.

Sir HERBERT SAMUEL,
Home Secretary

DEAR SIR,—I am glad it has been recognised at last that hardships are caused to poor people who cannot find large sums in order to appeal against police-court decisions. You have just appointed a committee to enquire into the matter.

But the less time wasted on enquiry and the sooner action is taken the better.

The facts are plain. I have been exposing the scandal for years.

JOHN BULL.

Professor T. S. SIMEY,
Liverpool University

DEAR PROFESSOR,—Thanks for some straight talking.

Local authorities, you say, should adopt as their motto, "'E dunno where 'e are," with a snail recumbent on their coat of arms.

They have, you add, no policy and no leaders.

The many grave cases of inefficiency and slowness on the part of local authorities, exposed by me, is ample proof that they deserved your lecture.

JOHN BULL.

The Rev. A. G. PRICHARD,
London County Council

REVEREND SIR,—"Shameful and shocking" was how you described a proposal that beer should be allowed when a school's Old Boys' Association held its annual supper at the school.

I am glad your intemperate words had little effect. But the joke lies in the fact that the association has previously met in the local public-house!

Would you prefer that it continued to meet there?

JOHN BULL.

Mrs. ALFRED SEWELL,
East Ham, London

DEAR MADAM,—You have just been granted a maintenance order against your husband, but, on your own request, will receive only a penny a week from him.

You are in regular employment and only applied for the order in case illness prevents you from working.

Still, I like your sturdy, independent spirit.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. MARK LOVELL,
Lyndhurst, Hants

DEAR SIR,—

A century and three . . .
Oh, what an age to be!
That's your record, and on a mirth-day
(Recently you had a birthday)
Hampshire was honoured, as all must admit
By the lad who is five score years and a bit!

JOHN BULL.

Mr. JAMES BUCHAN,
Bolton

DEAR SIR,—Bathing at Morecambe Bay with your sweetheart, you saved the life of a girl carried away by dangerous currents and only just failed to save her brother.

No knight in armour more surely deserved a woman's hand.

But then, your sweetheart will have realised that.

I wish you both a happy future.

JOHN BULL.

DON'T HESITATE—

Ensign Film is on your side!

Why is it that the sun always seems to hide itself just when you've got the picture posed exactly right? And so often the picture won't wait for the sun! That is when Ensign Film is on your side. Because of its greater speed and sensitivity, it allows you a wider margin and helps to correct any small mistake you may make. Take your holiday snaps on Ensign Film this Summer and get eight perfect pictures every time!

The Camera Illustrated is the famous Ensign Pocket Twenty costing only 25/6.

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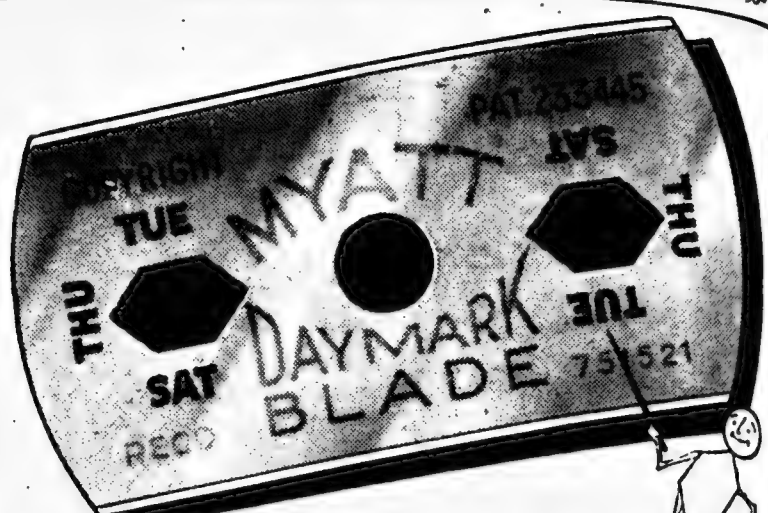
Ensign Limited, High Holborn, London, W.C. 1.

ARKS.



A Daymark blade lasts for weeks

Some of the testimonials written about the Myatt Daymark Blade are almost unbelievable.

Fifty, sixty, a hundred perfect shaves from one Daymark Blade!

That's what the Daymark does—keeps the blade keen day after day, week after week. The greatest shaving economy yet invented.

3D EACH
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Complete outfit includes Heavily plated Daymark Razor, Daymark Blade & Spare Blade Box all in Leatherette Spring lid case - - - **2/6 COMPLETE**

Superior models 5/-, 7/6, 10/6, 21/-, 25/-

Sole Manufacturers: W. S. Myatt & Co., Ltd., Argent Works, Birmingham.

MADE IN ENGLAND BY AN ALL-BRITISH COMPANY

FREE

to sufferers of Indigestion

Countless thousands of people have proved that Cicfa restores digestion in a natural way, that its effect is lasting. It supplies the necessary digestive ferments throughout the entire digestive system. It is indeed a wonder remedy! To prove its efficacy, a free sample sufficient for a 10-meal test is offered specially to "John Bull" readers. Simply send the coupon in the advertisement which appears on page 38.

A COVENTRY-BUILT CYCLE is the FINEST MOUNT IN THE WORLD.

Shod with DUNLOP tyres, THREE-SPEED GEAR CHROMIUM PLATED finish built by COVENTRY'S skilled engineers. Dozens of different Models including Racers & Sports.

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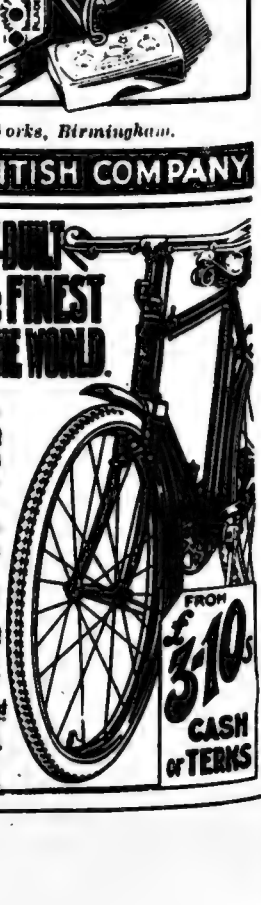
A kit, including PUMP, TOOLBAG, TOOLS, BELL ELECTRIC LAMP CARRIER & REFLECTOR, FREE.

Write for free Lists NOW



FROM £3-10s CASH or TERMS

Dept 3, COVENTRY.

Give Up that GUN!

by A. G. GARDINER

THE tragedy at the Ealing Hospital last week is only the latest of many illustrations of a menace which is growing dangerously and ought to be stopped ruthlessly.

It is the menace of the gun.

In the Ealing case a Lancashire ex-policeman named Armstrong, who had quarrelled with his daughter, a nurse, who was about to marry a man of whom he disapproved, got access to the girl, shot her through the heart and then turned the weapon on himself and blew his brains out.

And the question that arises in this, as in so many other cases which have disturbed the public mind of late, is why the regulations controlling the possession of revolvers and shooting irons generally are so inadequate or so carelessly administered that irresponsible private people of homicidal tendencies seem to find no difficulty in defeating them.

There is nothing to which the Shakespearean axiom that "the means to do ill-deeds make ill-deeds done" applies more exactly than this.

That is the case against armaments generally. The means to wage wars make wars, and so long as nations arm themselves against their neighbours they will shoot.

Gun-rule

And it is the same with the private citizen. If we all went about with guns in our hip-pockets civilised society would be at an end. Lives would be at a discount and justice would quit the earth.

The only things that would count would be the efficiency of our shooting irons, our ability to aim straight and our quickness on the trigger.

Life and property were never so insecure as in those days when no gentleman went abroad without a sword clinking by his side and when duels were the recognised mode of settling a quarrel, whether over a question of gambling or of love.

It is not customary to think of Beau Nash, the man who made Bath so fashionable and famous in the eighteenth century, as a reformer; but his regulation forbidding the carrying of swords by the *habitues* of that resort was the beginning of a new social era.

He knew that so long as men carried swords nothing would prevent them spilling blood. For what other reason did they carry them? By removing the means to do ill-deeds he stopped ill-deeds being done.

To-day we do not go abroad with our hand on a sword-hilt. If we carry anything it is an umbrella, and even the most violent of us cannot do much harm with an umbrella.

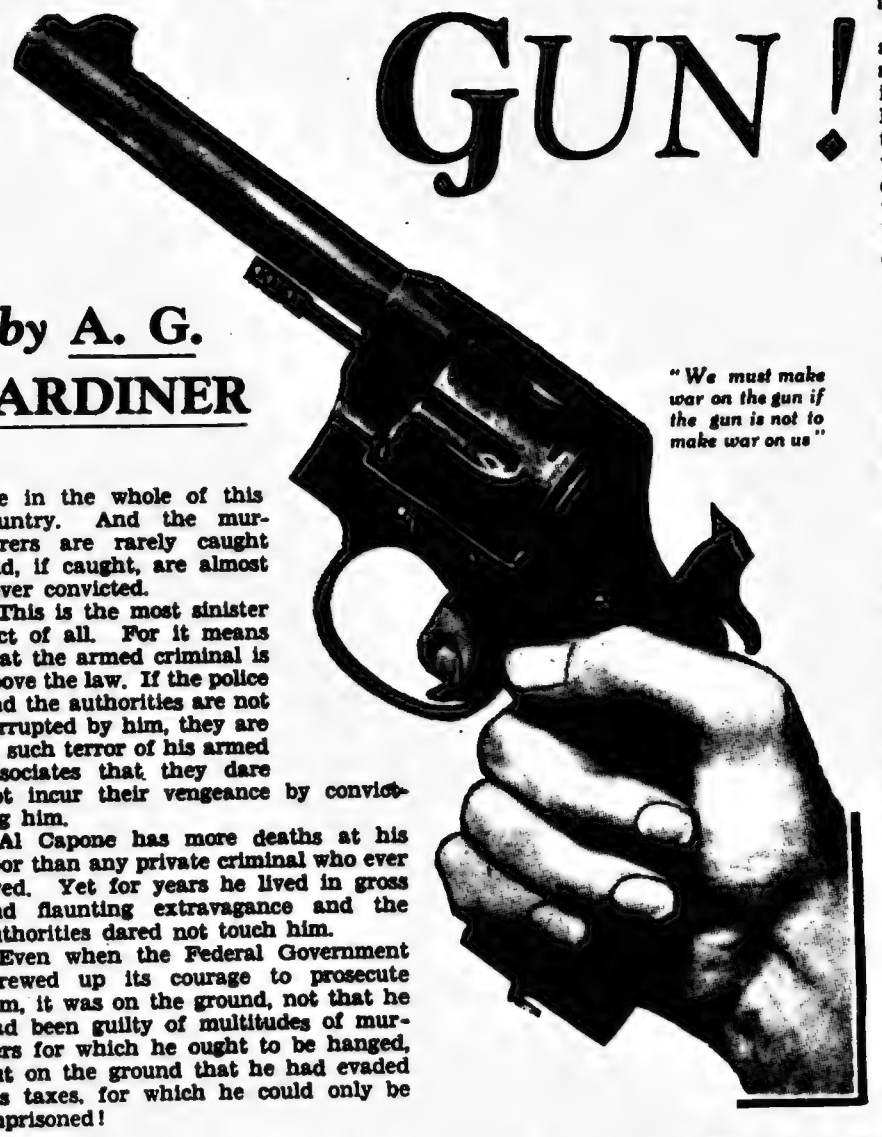
Spate of death

It is not the revival of the sword that we have to fear, but the increasing use of the modern weapon of percussion which is so much more capable of concealment and so much more formidable than the sword used to be.

A man may carry in his pocket an instrument capable of assassinating half a dozen people without disclosing even the source from whence the rain of death proceeds. So terrific a potentiality calls for the most ruthless control of its employment.

We have seen in the case of the United States the appalling magnitude that the menace of the gun may assume. The traffic in firearms there has become so uncontrolled that the forces of law and order have broken down before the gangster and his gun.

There are more murders in Chicago alone in the course of a year than there are in the whole of this country. And the murderers are rarely caught and, if caught, are almost never convicted.



"We must make war on the gun if the gun is not to make war on us"

This is the most sinister fact of all. For it means that the armed criminal is above the law. If the police and the authorities are not corrupted by him, they are in such terror of his armed associates that they dare not incur their vengeance by convicting him.

Al Capone has more deaths at his door than any private criminal who ever lived. Yet for years he lived in gross and flaunting extravagance and the authorities dared not touch him.

Even when the Federal Government screwed up its courage to prosecute him, it was on the ground, not that he had been guilty of multitudes of murders for which he ought to be hanged, but on the ground that he had evaded his taxes, for which he could only be imprisoned!

Gangster despots

And take that humiliating revelation in the *Times* the other day of the terror in which the highest authorities live of the armed gangsters. The Attorney-General of Illinois actually applied for the release of one of them, not because he was innocent, but because if he were found guilty it was known that two bank clerks who were then in hiding from the gangsters would be murdered! And the gangster was duly discharged.

In other words, the gangster cried "Hands up!" to the Government, and "Hands up!" it was. What is to be the future of a society in which the law formally and publicly surrenders to the criminal?

That is the result of the free traffic in arms. The authorities have failed to control the gun and now the gun controls the authorities.

I do not suggest that anything approximating to this dreadful state of things exists here—yet. In one of his latest works Edgar Wallace gave us a nightmare vision of the gunmen conquering London as they have conquered Chicago and other American cities. I do not think there is real danger of that vision being translated into fact.

The forces of law and order are much more powerfully rooted here than there and we have a much more disciplined and law-abiding public than that of New York or Chicago. I cannot imagine gangsterism and racketeering getting a real foothold in our midst.

But the menace of the gun is here, and unless we destroy it in its early stages we cannot limit the dimensions it may assume. The case of Brown and Kennedy gave us a terrifying glimpse of the possibilities of the revolver as the weapon of the resolute criminal, and the conviction of those ruffians, which extracted such ill-timed sympathy from Mr. Bernard Shaw, was one of the most splendid achievements of Scotland Yard.

Danger to Society

And it is not only as the instrument of the professional criminal that we need to stop the traffic in firearms. The Armstrong case, like many others, has shown that it is a great and growing peril to society that calls for drastic measures of control.

It is clear that the provisions for the licensing and possession of firearms is widely evaded. Much of this evasion is due to the war, which left many ex-soldiers in possession of weapons that ought to have been surrendered and that have passed from hand to hand without registration.

No one, I think, with the experience of America before him, would suggest that the arming of the police is the remedy to apply. The American police have long been armed, and the result is before us. Beelzebub cannot cast out Satan, nor can arms put down arms.

It is the competition in arms that is the evil in international affairs. And a competition in arms between police and criminals would be equally disastrous.

Disarm—at once!

The remedy in both cases is to disarm. The authorities must adopt much severer measures for the restriction of the traffic in firearms. Their unlicensed possession should be an offence punishable by the sternest penalties, and all owners should be called on to provide the most precise evidence of legitimate necessity or surrender their firearms to the police.

The restrictions should be especially stringent in the case of revolvers, and it should be impossible for anyone to own one of these engines of death without the most convincing case, and after exhaustive investigation by the police.

Do not let there be any mistake. We must make war on the gun if the gun is not to make war on us. And the time to act is now, before the gun has got out of control, as it has done in America.

NOT FROM THE B.B.C.—Mr. Justice Mackinnon Expounds the Law as regards

HEAT *and* Horsehair

UP here upon the Bench I sit in
splendid isolation,
Administering justice day by day;
Resplendent in my wig and robe,
Fiction and fact I sift and probe,
In quite a cool, collected kind of way.

But however cool my judgment, like an
ordinary mortal,
I suffer when a heat-wave strikes the
town;
The wig I wear upon my head
Seems like a pan of molten lead,
And like a winter overcoat my gown.

'Tis then that I remember that the
quality of mercy,
As Portia remarked, should not be
strained;
And so in my court wigs go west—
And though the diehards may protest,
A victory for common-sense is gained!

Some upholders of law-court etiquette seem to have been shocked and pained by my action—on a day when the heat-wave had transformed London into Tophet-on-Thames and my court was like the hot chamber of a Turkish bath in Gehenna—in removing my wig and telling the perspiring barristers who were appearing before me to do likewise.

Dignity, the disciplinarians point out, is something fixed and permanent, and it should not allow itself to be affected by trifles like heat-waves, which come and go. The trouble, however, about our heat-waves is that they come too suddenly and do not go quickly enough, with the result that they always find us unready and leave us undone.

I, for one, do not hold the view that it is better to bake than unbend. I am as anxious as anyone to preserve decorum in our courts; but it is doubtful whether justice is likely to be done by a judge "done to a turn," and there is even a danger that cases may be cooked when barristers are already in that state.

There are, I know, judges who announce that they are unable to "see" a barrister whose attire does not conform to etiquette in the most meticulous detail, but this seems to me to be carrying the traditional blindness of justice a trifle too far.

Personally, I found that there was a marked improvement in visibility in my court after wigs were shed.

With the thermometer standing at the dizzy altitude it had then attained, I felt that colour would have been lent to the allegation that the law is an ass if it had continued to burden its votaries with the hair of a horse.

Unfortunately, I was not brave enough to tell the policemen in court that they could remove their heavy tunics or to invite the Bar to join me in the nearest bar, but I should have liked to do both.

In fact, I might have done worse than adjourn the court to Lansbury's Lido, if only by way of setting an example to some of my convention-bound countrymen of how to behave in a heat-wave.

The Eskimo's a comic cuss
(Not highly civilised like us),
Who to his climate suits his ways.
The Englishman is not like that;
In broadcloth and a bowler hat
He faces summer's hottest days.

To pore laws blind, he goes about
As if ashamed to cast a clout;
For custom is the fear of fools.
Britannia still may rule the waves,
But Britons ever will be slaves
Until they learn to waive the rules.

Advertisement News.

Only reliable firms are allowed to advertise in "John Bull" and readers need never hesitate to respond to them, for they are all of proved value and are covered by the "John Bull" guarantee which appears on page 25.

Readers' attention is drawn to the following special offers in this issue :—

JAY'S Free Catalogue of Furniture Bargains on p. 2.

British-made Shirts in return for empty packets from CLUBS CIGARETTES on p. 4.

The BENNETT COLLEGE'S Free Book of interest to ambitious readers on p. 10.

MYATT DAYMARK BLADE offer on p. 12.

CADBURY'S new 2-oz. block introduced on this page.

"KENSITAS" offer of an Austin Twelve-Six Saloon given away daily for the best 20-word opinion on "Kensitas" CIGARETTES on p. 18.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND BUILDING SOCIETY'S Free Booklet on House Purchase by instalments on p. 22.

"DIPLOMA" LIMERICK Competition in which £50 first prize and hundreds of other cash prizes are offered on p. 25.

Free trial tube of "EUTHYMOL" TOOTH PASTE on p. 25.

SELFRIDGE'S Cycle offer on p. 25.

Why a jar of VASELINE should be kept in every home—See p. 27.

Complete trial outfit of "ICILMA" BEAUTY PREPARATIONS on p. 27.

Free sample of SHAVEX in return for coupon on p. 29. Send 2d. stamp for postage.

TOKALON OUTFIT of Skin Food and Toilet Cream in return for 3d. in stamps on p. 30.

AMBROSE WILSON'S Bargain offer of a Lady's Frock for 1/6 down and easy payments on p. 33.

Free Sample of "CICFA," the wonder remedy for Indigestion, to those cutting out the coupon in the advt. on p. 38.

The B.D.V. CIGARETTE offer of an Expanding Suitcase on p. 27.

Pain after Eating

ACIDITY,
GASTRITIS, & INDIGESTION
DISAPPEAR LIKE MAGIC.

Thousands of sufferers from Acidity, Heartburn, Sour Stomach, Fermentative Dyspepsia, Gastric Catarrh, Wind or Flatulence, Fullness after Meals, and all forms of acid indigestion have been cured by the SHADFORTH ACIDITY PRESCRIPTION No. 1077.

This prescription is non-purgative. You feel easier in five minutes. Note the steady improvement; clean tongue; moist mouth and throat; flatulence vanished; long, sour face replaced by such broad, sweet smiles that your friends marvel at the magic change.

Prices 1/4 (72), 2/6 (144), 7/- (432 tablets).

Privately packed and post free at these prices from

Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd.,
(Dept. J.B. 108), 48, KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4.

Boots, Taylors, Timothy White's and the best chemists either hold stock or gladly obtain to order at a few days' notice if requested to do so.

£10.10.0 FOR £5.16.3

MOST WONDERFUL CYCLE OFFER EVER MADE

The Graves 'Speed King' 3-Speed Cycle beats the World for Quality & Value, and stands comparison with any 10-Guinea Machine.

7/9 NOW

DUNLOP MAGNUM ROADSTER TYRES, WIRED EDGES.
STURMEY-ARCHER WORLD-FAMED THREE-SPEED GEAR.
DUNLOP MAGNUM CONICAL SPRING WATERPROOF SADDLE
HANS RENOLD CHAIN

Chromium plated Rims, Handle bars, &c., Frame rustproofed, enamelled Black, Coach lined. (All Black, if desired) Rear Light Reflector Tool Bag, Pump, Spanners & Oilcan. Lady's & Gent's Model, same price **£5.16.3**

Terms: Send only 7/9 with order, and 14 monthly payments of 7/9. Fullest Approval.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE POST FREE.

We have other remarkable Cycle Bargains including **Graves Single-Speed Cycle** fitted with Dunlop Roadster Tyres, Renold Chain, Dunlop Waterproof Saddle, complete & Carriage Paid, Ladies' or Gent's Model **£6:10:0**. Terms: 6/- now and 6/- monthly: also **Graves 'Speed King' Club Model**, weight about 29lbs; fitted with Dunlop Sports Tyres, Renold Chain, Middlemore's Racing Pattern saddle. Complete and Carriage Paid, Ladies' or Gent's **£6:17:6**. Terms: 6/6 monthly: **Graves All-Weather 3-Speed Cycle £8:7:6**. Terms: 8/6 monthly. Carriage Paid to destination. Fullest Approval.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

CADBURY'S *introduce* 2 oz Blocks

IN the new 2-oz. block you can get either Bournville Plain at 2d. or Cadbury's Milk at 2½d. Both contain precisely the same fine chocolate as you have so often enjoyed in the larger blocks, wrapped in the same way, and divided into easily separated sections. And both carry out the invariable Cadbury policy of passing on to the public the *immediate* benefit of all manufacturing economies.

CADBURY'S GUARANTEE

The 2-oz. Blocks are guaranteed to be exactly the same high quality chocolate as the famous Cadbury halves and quarters.

TWO NAPOLEONS of FRAUD

Mock Millionaires' Mammoth Schemes

CLEVER indeed are people who can harness the ill-winds of industrial depression for personal gain.

And the cleverest individuals of the kind whom JOHN BULL has encountered for a long time are Arthur Rowe and Ernest Russell, both with an address in Prince's Gardens, Seaburn, Sunderland.

A short time ago Rowe and Russell appeared as big and bright new stars in the commercial firmament. Their light has since radiated upon every area of Great Britain. To-day it shines only upon a graveyard of investors' hopes.

Tragic indeed is the plight of the ruined people who were dazzled by the splendour of this couple's far-flung plans for the revival of industry.

Their conceptions were Napoleonic, but they were never anything more than conceptions and were intended only to deceive. Their methods were spectacular but fraudulent.

To use their own words, their schemes were so vast that they would not only reach into every part of Britain, but would embrace the whole world. Their huge organisation, they declared, would provide the missing link between the inventor and the public.

Utopia calling!

They were to skim the cream of industrial science and had at their service all that was best and latest for the creation of an industrial Utopia.

So great was their cunning that they deceived even the shrewd editors of important daily newspapers and publicity was provided for their gigantic schemes under headlines seven columns wide.

Press receptions were held and the public was informed in magnificent statements of the supposed achievements of these financial wizards.

To usher in the new industrial age, they were to move factories like chessmen from Thames to Tyne, inaugurate splendid passenger and cargo ferry services, and erect here, there and everywhere great palaces of industry.

Most fanciful were the projects—among them the production of aluminium fluxes which railway and shipping directors all over the world were represented to be ordering in immense quantities.

There was to be another factory for nitro-cellulose products in all colours and varieties, even in the form of a spray which would revolutionise shipping by rendering hulls impervious to the attacks of barnacles.

Other factories were to supply the public with unbreakable glass at one-third of the price of the cheapest existing glass, and still another was to provide the community with artificial cork made from heather peat.

There was not one iota of substance in any of these prodigious plans for the creation of new industries and public services. They were mere figments of the joint imaginations of Rowe and Russell, who, we are able to reveal, were both personally insolvent when they were cheating everyone with their deluge of publicity.

The limit of their achievement was to get in touch with a few manufacturers and offer to sell for them on commission such simple things as illuminated signs, air purifying instruments and basket-work furniture.

Yet upon this humble foundation they built a superstructure of companies, one for and named after each of the cardinal points of the compass. These subsidiaries were to be governed from a central organisation named the Rowe and Russell Corporation with two major satellite companies—one for the acquisition of patents and inventions and the other for the construction of a township of new-style dwellings in Middlesex.

The wizards of finance wave their magic wands and out of industrial depression Utopia is born . . . . But we are too old for fairy tales!

From Glasgow to Newcastle and then on to Leeds, Manchester, London, Plymouth, and the cities of the West, this organisation to resuscitate industry spread its tentacles and took root in suites of offices. All for one purpose—to fleece investors.

Acting independently of their nation-wide chain of companies and using the ill-gotten Press publicity as a guarantee of their prestige, Rowe and Russell began operating from Newcastle on a private quest for victims.

One after the other they engaged a corps of salesmen who were required to pay £200 each for the privilege of serving these giants of industry.

Rowe and Russell were merciless in the methods they used to extract the £200 deposits from these dupes. Most of them were men who sacrificed practically all they possessed to obtain what seemed a rare opportunity for advancement in a commercial organisation of great magnitude.

One young man, a "boots" in a Harrogate hotel, could produce only £198 17s. 7d. when he was given a post and £200 was demanded. It was taken from him to the last penny and the balance of £1 2s. 5d. was deducted from his first week's wages. Immediately afterwards he was turned adrift and when he appealed for payment was fobbed off with a worthless cheque.

Money to burn

When the salesmen sold any goods, it was not unusual for Rowe and Russell to pocket the money and refuse to pay the manufacturers who supplied them, or to pay only with cheques which were dishonoured.

Privately they lived in the style of millionaires, spending money profusely in London hotels, entertaining freely and buying blocks of seats at West End theatres.

Also when calling upon manufacturers and potential investors they travelled the country in splendid motor-cars with chauffeurs in livery.

From one London hotel they decamped owing a bill of between £40 and £50 which they had "met" with useless cheques.

Always they were most elegantly attired. Their tailors are unpaid.

Their offices everywhere were sumptuous, the walls hung with maps serrated in colours to indicate the supposed areas of their industrial activities.

Personal court judgments began to pile up against Rowe and Russell. Landlords distrained for rent. Gas, light and rates were unpaid, and even the office typewriters were seized.

To obtain capital for their different companies, Rowe and Russell appointed directors at £500 a time and promised them a salary of £450 yearly.

Passing the buck

When a director expressed surprise at the number of new colleagues arriving, he was merely shifted to another part of the country to open and furnish new offices and engage clerical and sales staff. When he did so, he was left to "carry the baby," Rowe and Russell adopting their usual policy of taking all and paying for nothing.

Only a few weeks ago, although they must have known that their crazy structure of deception was at the point of collapse, Rowe and Russell distributed false literature glorifying themselves and describing their ramifications in commerce from New York to Paris, Brussels, Berlin, and Vienna.

All this fiction was in the form of a reprint of an impressive article in a supposed industrial journal. The journal is a dummy.

It is not possible yet to trace fully the activities of Rowe and Russell, so diverse and extensive have they been. Their personal affairs are now being investigated by the Official Receiver in Bankruptcy at Newcastle-upon-Tyne to whom those who have suffered should submit their experiences.

They should also place their information before the Director of Public Prosecutions.

The Tuppenny Trickster

WITH a cash capital of twopence, but an unlimited fund of ingenuity, a man called A. Reid has devised a successful formula for fraud which is now providing him with a steady income.

He is touring the country and robbing the proprietors of small shops.

His most recent successes were scored in Exeter, but it doesn't matter where he goes; he is invariably the richer when he passes on his way.

The first move on his part when entering a new town is to buy a copy of a local church magazine to make himself familiar with the name of the vicar and the affairs of the parish generally.

Then he makes systematic calls upon shopkeepers, telling them that his dear friend, the vicar, who knew him in happier days, has kindly given him employment canvassing for advertisements for the parish magazine.

He chats earnestly and convincingly on church topics, but contrives to let the shopkeepers know that he is "on probation," and that his success as a canvasser will determine whether the vicar will make the post a permanent one.

In this way he books orders for advertisements to be inserted in "the next issue," collecting the fees on the spot, and giving numbered receipts from a printed book.

One Exeter shopkeeper paid 30s. in the belief that he would be given a special position on the cover of the magazine in a space which happened to be blank.

He paid in advance, as most of Mr. Reid's victims do readily enough when he tells them that it will enable him to draw his commission at the end of the day without having to wait for it.

Now they are all waiting for the day when this remarkably clever trickster will be laid by the heels.

A WIDOW'S THANKS

When the breadwinner dies suddenly it is always the widow with little ones to support who suffers most. This is very true in the case of a Kirkdale, Liverpool, reader, whose husband was drowned recently whilst bathing.

In acknowledging JOHN BULL's cheque for £275, the widow writes:

"I received your welcome cheque, for which I thank you. Your free insurance is indeed a blessing, especially to those like myself who have been left to bring up a family of children without the aid of the one who shares the burden. Your kindly consideration and promptness is much appreciated."

Registration forms are on page 38.

WAR LOAN CONVERSION

POINTS FOR INVESTORS

Many thousands of holders of 5% War Loan are to-day closely considering the merits of the Conversion Scheme and are deciding on their own course of action. The broad principle of the scheme commends itself to all investors, large or small, who recognise the enormous relief to the country which successful Conversion will bring. It will save the country no less than £23,000,000 every year. It is an essential step on the road to reduced taxation and increased employment.

FOR SMALL INVESTORS

To the "small" investor, the citizen with savings put by, safety is absolutely the first essential. Nowhere in the whole world can he hope to find a safer investment than British Government Stock, at a good standard rate of interest guaranteed for at least 20 years.

His *safest* course is to convert. His most remunerative course is to convert *at once*. For, by applying not later than July 31st, he will get a Cash Bonus of £1 per cent. (free of Income Tax) payable within 14 days.

FOR LARGE INVESTORS

It is important to keep a substantial proportion of capital invested in first-class gilt-edged securities. The new War Loan will still be one of the best British Government securities at the ruling rate of interest.

The £1 per cent. Cash Bonus is payable in full, free of Income Tax and Surtax. Moreover, holders of the new War Loan will be assessed for the Income Tax year 1933-34 on the £3 10s. per cent. received during that year and *not* on the previous year's basis of £5 per cent.

The success of the Conversion must tend to create more favourable conditions for the employment of other capital and for the expansion of income derived from Industry and Commerce. The Conversion will mean real economy for the Exchequer by the net saving of £23,000,000 per annum *which otherwise would have to be found by the taxpayer.*

FOR TRUSTEES

Trustees will, of course, be guided by considerations of safety of both capital and income. It is already clear that other first-class securities may not be found to yield better interest—or even as good a rate—particularly when the cost of reinvestment is considered. Moreover, the 3½% rate of interest on the new War Loan is guaranteed for 20 years.

Under the provisions of The Finance (No. 2) Act, 1931, Trustees are fully entitled to apply for conversion.

The £1 per cent. Bonus is quite definitely to be treated as income—not capital. It is moreover free of Income Tax and Surtax.

FOR COMPANY DIRECTORS

Though Company Directors are not, as a rule, subject to the same limitations as Trustees in the administration of Reserve Funds and Balances, much the same responsibilities are entailed. Considerations of safety and stability with reasonable yield amply justify a decision to convert at once. Moreover the lively hope of better times resulting from successful Conversion makes full and immediate support of the new War Loan of special advantage to commerce and industry.

FOLLOW THE LEAD OF THE BIG INVESTORS

Banks, Insurance Companies, great Trading and Manufacturing concerns, public and private Corporations have already converted millions of pounds of War Loan. Follow their example.

FILL IN YOUR FORM AND POST IT TO-DAY

BOY SCOUT VICTIM of a MAD Asylum SENTENCE

IN every town, every village of Great Britain, there are homes and parents desolate because some young member of the family has been filched from them, possibly never to return.

The absent ones are locked away in asylums to which the majority have been consigned on the thinnest pretexts, and often in circumstances which must inevitably before long stir the public conscience as it has not been stirred for generations.

All over the land men and women zealots, acting as agents of the Board of Lunacy Control, are daily hunting for young folk who have not shone at school or who have been in trouble for youthful escapades.

Either by inducing justices of the peace to make orders, or deceiving the parents with false promises to provide the children with an institutional holiday, these heartless busybodies are crowding the asylums with boys and girls branded as mental defectives.

Once they are inside, the young lives become the absolute property of the Board of Control, which alone has the power to restore them to their homes.

This Board, as we have shown time and again, seldom does anything of the kind.

Condemned

The case of George Rex Everett, whose anguished father and mother live at Crosby, near Scunthorpe, in Lincolnshire, is the latest instance of the Board's despotic methods.

George, who is now nineteen, has been already an asylum prisoner for three years. The other day, the Board of Control decided to keep him captive for another five years, and at the end of that time, as is usual, it will consider his still further detention.

Yet George Everett is as mentally sound as any average youth.

Those who read the circumstances of his incarceration may be excusably incredulous that such things can happen in twentieth-century England.

At school, George had only one defect—he was weak in spelling. But he was a born artist and from early childhood could produce landscape and animal sketches with remarkable fidelity. He also excelled in sports.

Above all, he was a true farmer's boy. For four generations at least, his forebears had lived by the land, so it was natural that as soon as he left school he should begin farm-work near his home.

One day, when he was in a farm-yard playing with two greyhounds, a stray fowl entered. The dogs pounced upon it and George had to wrestle with the animals before they could be made to release the bird.

Even then, the hen had been so terribly worried and mauled that it could not even flutter a wing or stand. It was nearly dead.

Everett picked up the wounded and bleeding fowl and carried it to his home half-a-mile away. "Oh, mummy," he said when he entered the cottage, "do help me to save this poor thing. It will be my good deed for the day."

George, you see, is a Boy Scout.

All that afternoon the boy nursed the injured bird back to life, intending in the evening to find its owner.

But before evening came, police officers arrived at the house. A farmer in the district, they said, had reported the loss of a hen and George had been seen carrying one.

The bird was produced and the circumstances explained. The constables conferred and shook their heads. The law, they declared, must take its course.

So young Everett was brought up in court and charged with having been found in unlawful possession of a fowl.

Of course, he was discharged.

The conspiracy

Some people who were none too friendly with George's father and who developed a strange interest in the fantastic prosecution were apparently aggrieved that the boy was not sent to penal servitude for his "crime."

A serious position arose for George Everett and his parents.

To their dismay, the father and mother were warned that, vindictively, an attempt would be made to "get at" their son, and once they were told that before long he would be "put away."

A few months after the fowl incident, the police again called at the boy's home. This time they wanted him for an assault upon a ten-year-old girl.

The girl had been George's playmate and the supposed "assault" had occurred so long before that some people must have dug deep for evidence.

All that had happened was that one summer afternoon the boy and the girl had been having one of their frequent rough-and-tumble bouts in an old motor-car which stood in the farmyard and he had teased her to make her scream with laughter.

Nevertheless, he was put in the dock.

And again he was discharged.

We must invite the Home Secretary to enquire not only into the circumstances of this prosecution, but *into one which followed.* Many queer and outrageous cases still occur in the rural courts of England, but none, surely, more monstrous than this one. There is no doubt that the threat to "get at" George and his parents was a reality.

Only a few months elapsed before he was again in court, charged now with the theft of a cheque for 16s.

Even in the asylum George Everett is still a Scout. See him here with some of the trophies he has won

The net closes

This cheque was made out in favour of "George Everett," which is the name both of the boy and his father, and it was given to the boy by his employer.

The boy's statement was that the employer owed him arrears of wages and gave him the cheque in payment, instructing him also to get it cashed at a shop in the village on the way home.

The employer declared that he intended the cheque for the boy's father in settlement of a debt.

Of one thing there is no doubt—George did not try to conceal from his father the fact that he had received and cashed the cheque.

Yet this astounding prosecution was launched, and when the boy was brought before the justices they were reminded about the fowl and the girl, and asked to make an order for his removal to an institution.

We have documents before us which prove that *days before* the justices were induced to sign this order, and *before even* the boy appeared in court on the ridiculous charge, George Everett had already been *officially registered* by lunacy officials as a mental defective!

Who had been arranging things with these lunacy agents and what right had they to have the boy's detention all cut-and-dried?

JOHN BULL intends to have this question properly answered. In the answer will be found the evidence of the damnable confederacy which is condemning every year a vast number of innocent and healthy boys and girls to asylums.

George Everett, however, was not taken direct to an asylum. For six months he was first imprisoned in the lunacy ward of a workhouse among elderly pauper maniacs and degenerates, and during the day had to shovel coal and chop firewood with vagrants and tramps. His head was shaven completely bald.

Nearly three years ago he was transferred to the terrible Rampton State Asylum in Nottinghamshire, which was built to receive criminal lunatics and is populated by insane fiends and perverts.

We demand—

We have clear documentary evidence, also, that when the boy was first taken away, it was to be for a period of only three months. The three months have become three years, and now the three years have been made eight years, with more likely to follow.

Even though he be an asylum inmate, George Everett is still a Boy Scout. While in his prison, he has won not only a number of trophies, but has been awarded five badges by the Boy Scout organisation for high proficiency in subjects for which extremely difficult examination tests were set!

Two Ministers of State must act in this dreadful case.

First, let the Minister of Health for once override the tyrannical authority of the Board of Control by ordering the immediate release of George Everett.

Then, let the Home Secretary instruct the opening of a full investigation of the prosecution and persecution of this innocent farmer's boy.

There will be rubbing of official eyes when his case is probed.

The Human Machine

The Master Way

IT is an axiom among those who wish to excel at games that it always pays to acquire the game from the better player. What is good enough for the master is good enough for the pupil.

So it should be in Life. Let us learn from the acknowledged masters.

Marconi once said something that gave the key to what those who have mastered life really think. "When I am asked about the future of wireless," he said, "my imagination does not take wings and fly to other planets millions of miles away. Why should I waste my time on that when I can serve a more useful purpose?

"I think that instead of trying to communicate by wireless with Mars, it would be much more useful to try to reduce the cost of what we have already achieved."

We are all striving—but for what? Just at what are we aiming? Exactly what are we trying to accomplish?

Let us learn our lesson. Let our Golden Quest be to undertake to bring dreams down to earth, and make them work, to do something in our lifetime—however small—to ease the difficulty of living for ordinary people.

We cannot all be spectacular inventors; but we can do something. We can give someone who is down a helping hand. We can smile when we would much rather cry. We can think good when it would be much easier to think evil.

And we can have faith in ourselves, in our ideas, in our abilities. Perhaps that is the greatest thing of all.

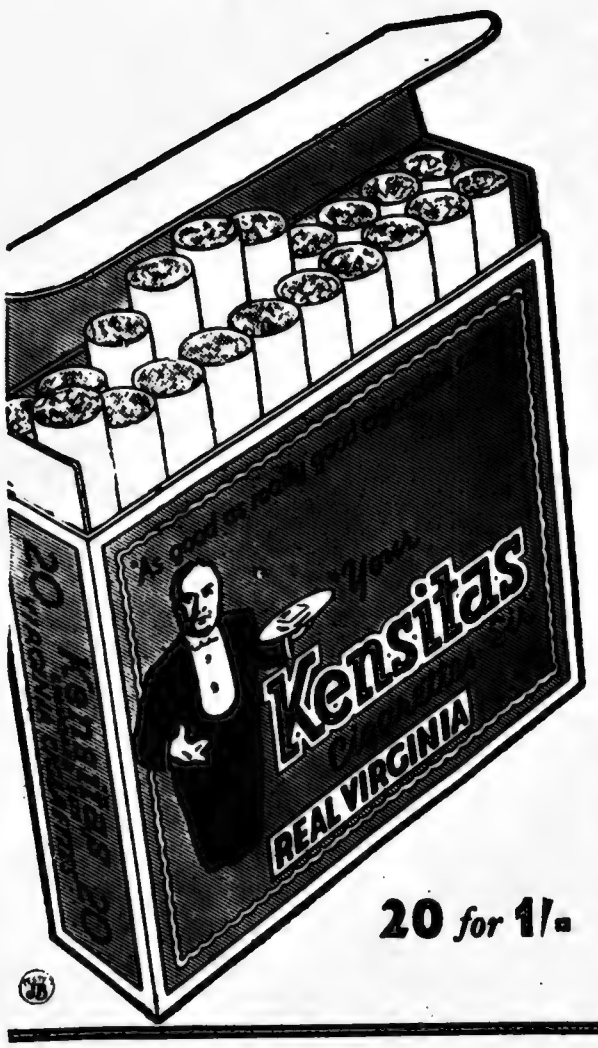
THE AUSTIN TWELVE-SIX "HARLEY DE-LUXE SALOON"

A luxuriously modern car renowned for its outstanding dependability. Easily operated sunshine roof. Selected hide leather upholstery. Triplex Safety Glass throughout. Bumpers front and rear. Four wide doors. Shock absorbed springs of great length and resilience, equipped with silentbloc bushes and zinc interleaved. Powerful four-wheel brakes. Finger-light steering. 13.9 six-cylinder engine. Four-speed twin-top gear box. Five detachable wire wheels. 12-volt lighting and starting equipment. Magnetically operated dip and switch headlamps. All metal fittings are chromium plated. **LIST PRICE £235**

For a 20-word opinion of

KENSITAS QUALITY

AN AUSTIN A DAY IS GIVEN AWAY



20 *for* 1/-

What a glorious thrill to be driving your very own Austin Twelve-Six Saloon car—given you *free*. You may win one in this simple competition. Already 144 people in the British Isles have become happy new Austin owners simply because they sent in a winning opinion of KENSITAS quality in a 20-word statement. To-morrow's car might be yours—read the rules and enter TO-DAY!

RULES OF THE COMPETITION

Every day, except Sunday, until further press announcement, an Austin Twelve-Six "De Luxe" Saloon, will be awarded to the competitor from whom is received the best twenty-word statement, best in the opinion of the judges from the standpoint of truthfulness and advertising value, describing the quality and merits of KENSITAS Cigarettes.

1. Take the fronts from KENSITAS packets of 10's and 20's, or both, and write or print your twenty-word statement, two words only on the back of the 10's packet front, four words only on the back of the 20's packet front. Number each word of your statement from 1 to 20 in correct order. Hyphenated words count as two words.
2. Write your name, address and occupation on a slip of paper and post with your twenty-word statement. All entries received at KENSITAS CIGARETTES, BOX No. 34, 37 PAUL STREET, LONDON, E.C.2.
3. Any winning statement cannot be selected as a winning statement for a later award.
4. The judges' decision on all matters will be final.
5. Proof of posting an entry cannot be accepted as proof of receipt.
6. Winners will be notified and KENSITAS reserve the right to publish their names, addresses, occupations and statements.
7. A competitor may submit as many statements as he desires provided he complies with the above rules.

NOTE.—Entry forms will continue to be accepted provided they are not used in conjunction with packet fronts.

POINTS TO HELP YOU

KENSITAS offer the finest, choicest real Virginia tobacco plus the throat protection of that exclusive private process which includes the use of modern Ultra-Violet Rays—the process that expels certain biting, harsh irritants naturally present in every tobacco leaf—the process that assures a smoke that is pure and clean and makes KENSITAS safe to inhale. No wonder 1004 British Doctors have stated KENSITAS to be less irritating. No wonder KENSITAS are always *kind* to your throat.

"With ULTRA-VIOLET Rays"

Your Throat Protection — against irritation — against cough

SIX MORE WINNERS

Car No. 139
Mr. A. E. MASSEY
Commercial Traveller, Park Drive, Hucknall, Notts.

Car No. 140
Mrs. WILSHERE
Fashion Expert, One Stonegate, York.

Car No. 141
Mr. A. MANSELL
Wholesale Newsagent, "Oakhurst," Armoury Gardens Shrewsbury, Salop.

Car No. 142
Miss D. F. CATCHPOLE
Clerk, "Aysgarth," Cedar Avenue, E. Barnet, Herts.

Car No. 143
Mr. S. J. BLACKBURN
Civil Servant, 23 Knocklofty Park, Belfast.

Car No. 144
Mr. H. WILLIAMS
Salesman, "Wyncliffe," Victoria Gardens, Neath, Glam.

ONE OF THE WINNING OPINIONS:
"By ingeniously treating pure tobacco, Kensitas have produced a full flavoured cigarette which smokers may safely inhale with complete enjoyment"

FAMOUS CHURCH SOCIETY —Queer Facts

The Rev. Dinsdale Young. Was he ever invited to a meeting?

ANY organisation which turns to the public for financial support should be compelled by law to render a detailed account of its stewardship, and the higher the ideals the more scrupulous it should be.

I am moved to this reflection after studying a dossier relating to the somewhat troubled affairs of a movement known as the Protestant Alliance, of Walter House, Strand, London.

The general secretary, a Mr. Henry Fowler, gained prominence quite recently by protesting publicly against a series of addresses which were being broadcast on Sundays by Father C. C. Martindale, S.J.

I do not propose to dwell upon the controversy he thus opened, but I may mention that he expressed a desire for candour and free discussion against what he was pleased to term "a one-sided method of propaganda by an aggressive minority."

Why the silence?

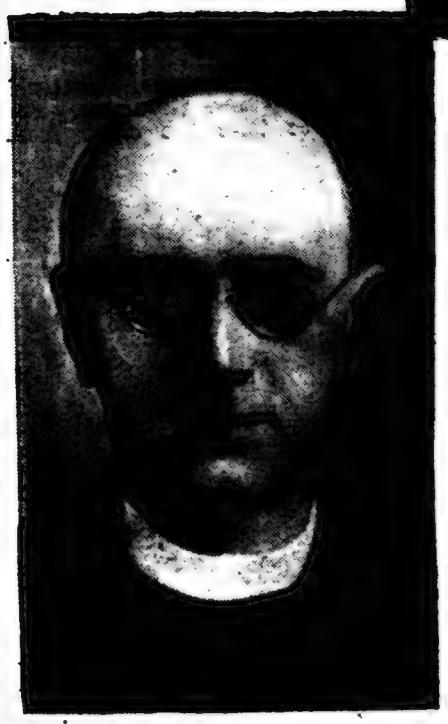
So if Mr. Henry Fowler really believes in candour and free discussion, he must not object if I indulge in a little of both in these columns.

For years past a number of supporters of the Protestant Alliance have been waiting patiently for him to speak with candour upon subjects very much nearer home than other people's broadcast addresses.

Some, indeed, are dissatisfied with the way in which the Alliance has been managed; others have openly expressed their disgust by breaking away and founding separate organisations.

Not the least grievance among subscribers has been the fact that no proper meetings have been held for years, and when a belated attempt to pacify them was made by calling a gathering at the Kingsway Hall, London, it was hardly an unqualified success.

Many people wanted to know many things. Their questions were carefully considered and were wholeheartedly approved by a learned doctor of divinity to whom they were first submitted.



Father C. C. Martindale, whose radio addresses drew a protest from Mr. Fowler

Indeed, the reverend doctor added comments of his own which are most illuminating. In confiding that it was no news to him that the affairs of the Alliance were conducted in a very unusual manner, he advocated the appointment of a committee to investigate the whole of its workings and finances.

The gathering at Kingsway Hall was at times somewhat boisterous. At the outset a member caused an uneasy silence to fall upon the platform by asking for the minutes of the last meeting to be read. Although he persisted in this question no reply was vouchsafed him.

But several other subscribers had queries to ask.

One wished to know how it came about that such a large proportion of the income of the Alliance was allotted in salaries, and whether there were other employees apart from Mr. Fowler's family.

Not invited

None of these questions was satisfactorily answered.

It must be long since any religious gathering was marked by such tumultuous scenes.

Looking a little farther into the affairs of this society, I find that while numerous important names have figured on the literature issued by the Protestant Alliance, they have been changed from time to time.

Not long ago the name of the Rev. Dinsdale Young, D.D., of the Wesleyan Central Hall, Westminster, and one of the best-known preachers in London, appeared in this way.

I happen to know, however, that though this gentleman was formerly a vice-president, he was too busy to go into its affairs, and has stated that he knows nothing of its actual work or administration.

Does this mean that while the Alliance made use of his distinguished name for a time, he was never invited to a meeting or informed of the work, if any, that was being performed under his patronage?

As it happens, I have particulars of another clergyman who did not even know that his name was still being used until he saw it upon one of the association's circulars.

Then there is a clergyman in Greenwich who assures me that he broke away from the Protestant Alliance some years ago because he objected to certain aspects of its management.

In the family

As regards the complaints and protests which have been voiced to the effect that the Alliance is too much of a family affair, I am bound to confess that they are well grounded.

Henry Fowler, as I say, is general secretary; one son, Lionel Fowler, is editor of the movement's magazine, the *Reformer*, while a second son, Keith Fowler, is likewise employed at headquarters.

All are in receipt of salaries.

A glance at the latest balance-sheet available shows that salaries of the staff generally swallow up a remarkable proportion of the total income.

So long as the Protestant Alliance is conducted on the present lines, Mr. Fowler and his family must not grumble if subscribers continue to complain.

Yet the remedy is simple and obvious. In short, let the movement be run in a businesslike manner so that the public may never have occasion to raise questions like those asked, but unfortunately not answered, at this year's meeting.

Mr. Fowler should take steps to call a full meeting of all the association's subscribers with a view to bringing to an end the growing dissatisfaction.

In an article I wrote recently criticising the National Development Trust, of Piccadilly, London, S.W., I stated that a Mr. G. Laidlaw Smith was a director of the concern.

That was true; but in view of the similarity of names, Mr. Robert Laidlaw Smith, of 16, Caxton Street, Westminster, S.W., has asked me to say that Mr. G. Laidlaw Smith is not connected with him in any way whatever. I naturally do so with pleasure.

Weekly Informations from MAJOR-GENERAL SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

DOORSTEP Coups

IMPUDENT methods of salesmanship are being used by canvassers in and around Edinburgh, calling upon housewives and offering tubes of dental cream for sale.

Housewives are told that the British Hygienic Toilet Supply Company, of 94, Constitution Street, Leith, has been authorised to distribute vouchers entitling selected customers to a gift of £3.

* * *

The conditions are stated to be very simple. If four tubes of toothpaste are purchased at an outlay of 5s. the £3 voucher will be handed over on the spot.

We do not know how many of these vouchers have been issued in this way, but we would warn readers that the British Hygienic Toilet Supply Company has no authority whatever to link its name with JOHN BULL or the *People*.

As for the vouchers, which are said to be payable only through the company, these are quite worthless, for no such concern is to be found at the address given, which happens to be that of a local sheriff officer, who has been inundated with complaints!

Homely Wisdom—
by CANON R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

The Blind Spot

A MAN seated in an open space began telling me of a curious defect of vision for which he was about to enter an eye hospital.

He said: "There is a spot on my retina which plays all sorts of tricks with me. Looking at you now, if I did not know you were there, I might mistake you for someone else, for I get a distorted impression of your appearance.

"If I gaze at any point across a room or a garden I may get quite a false idea of what confronts me: there is a blur in the field of observation."

This sounds like the beginning of cataract, and I hope the malady is being taken in time and will soon be cured.

But most of us suffer from the presence of a blind spot in our mental vision, of whose existence we may be unaware, or only half aware and indifferent to the harm caused to ourselves and others.

Queen Victoria's first Prime Minister used to say that vanity was the most prominent trait in human character and influenced men's motives to a degree that was seldom realised.

It is astonishing to note how often a man will make a fool of himself through inability to see himself as he really is in the eyes of others or to guess what they think of him.

There seems to be no ratio between a man's standing in life and his sense of his own importance.

One of the most conceited men I have ever come across is a barber. To hear him talk one would imagine that he was an emperor at least, so magnificent are the qualities with which he credits himself and the big things he has done. It is laughable, but he has not the glimmer of a suspicion of the small esteem in which he is actually held by those who listen to his brag.

Silly childish vanity has been the downfall of many a woman and the ruin of many a home. And how many people are there whom flattery has lured into devious paths? The police tell us that criminals are nearly always colossally vain.

There are no humbugs so pitiable as those who succeed in humbugging themselves. There are people who view themselves as everything that is admirable, whereas those who live with them know them to be invincibly selfish and mean.

Occasionally the utterly selfish person manages to impose his estimate of himself on those whose misfortune it is to have to minister to him.

I know a brute at the present hour who is waited on hand and foot by a devoted sister who thinks him a semi-invalid. The rest of the family see through him, but I wonder whether he sees through himself. I dare say he tells himself that he really needs the attention he receives.

The blind spot is often pathetic. How a mother will stand up for her good-for-nothing waster of a son! That wonderful love of hers prevents her from seeing him as he is. Most of us owe more than we can compute to that divine quality in women, the capacity for self-sacrifice. It ought to open our eyes to the best in life.

"Then grave these lessons on thy soul:
Faith, hope, and love; and thou shalt find
Strength where life's surges rudest roll
Light where thou else wert blind."

The Silent Revolution *that will* Change Ou

WHEN WE ALL S

THE greatest development in Britain's domestic, business and industrial life, since the coming of the railways a hundred years ago, has all but been completed—almost unnoticed by the millions whose lives it will revolutionise.

The whole kingdom has been cobwebbed with a magic network of cables, ten times more closely woven than the telephone system—and these will confer the blessing of cheap electricity alike on the biggest shipyards and the loneliest farmyards, and link together the most isolated mountainside cottages with the biggest city factories.

On a summer day next year this great "change over" to cheap electricity will become a reality.

Giants of power

Monster new power stations will then join the old in pouring their current into a common pool—the 2,876 miles of primary cable carried all over the country on 26,265 steel towers that are becoming familiar landmarks everywhere.

In addition, torrents that pour down mountain slopes, and Highland lochs connected to feed their waters into lower lochs, will thresh out electricity that will be fed into the national stock.

All along this three thousand miles of cables humming transformer stations will take current from the pool at 132,000 volts—a gigantic voltage, regarded as being as unmanageable as a flash of lightning until a few years ago—breaking it down to a voltage of 33,000 to make it more suitable for local handling.

Thence it will be passed on by more tower-borne cables to 250 different points throughout the kingdom, each the centre of a smaller network of its own, where it will be turned into a gentler current and served out to consumers as light and heat and power.

The Grid is almost ready for general use all over Britain.

There are just a few more obstinate landowners to be compelled by law to give it right of way, a few more beauty lovers to be convinced that every reasonable step has been taken to ensure that the loveliness of our countryside is not sacrificed to Progress. . . .

Just a mere eighty-four miles of "way-leave" are still to be negotiated to fill in the last remaining gaps; and Britain's Electrical Age will have dawned in earnest.

Five years' fight

It sounds so easy, as the history of every great pioneer endeavour does. In moments of triumph we are apt to forget the sacrifices, disappointments and set-backs that seemed at one time insurmountable.

The story of the opening up of America's great Middle West, for instance, leaves nine-tenths of the agonies of the great trek undescribed.

And who remembers to-day that many of our British railroads were laid on Sunday nights, when the more superstitious of the country clergy were too busy with their sermons to lead their flocks against the railway "gangs"; that big cities like Northampton were missed by the main lines because of the ferocity of the local attacks; that hundreds of pioneers like the grandfather of the present Lord Gainford marched with bleeding feet throughout the week protecting whatever work had been possible on the Sunday?

The story of the five years' work on the Grid—or the National Main Transmission System, to give it its official, unromantic title—is another such story of triumph over obstacles.

Ben Nevis itself stood in the way of that early section of the scheme undertaken by the Lochaber Power Company, which undertook to get 120,000 horse-power out of Lochs Laggan and Trieg at a height of 800 feet.

Faith may not move mountains, but determination achieved the next best thing. Night after night and day after day the work of boring under Britain's highest mountain went on. For not until a water tunnel fifteen miles long had been made was the full scheme possible.

Then it was realised that a village would have to disappear beneath the surface of the waters if the Grampian scheme of leading one loch into another and then into a third was proceeded with. But it was a fact that had to be faced.

To-day the water is over the village roof-tops—but an output of no less than 110,000,000 units of electricity a week, all obtained from the fall of water, is assured.

In the very earliest days of the great Grid scheme it seemed as if there were too many warring interests for it to succeed. Landowners raised their voices in protest. Many associations for the protection of this and that interest did the same. Obviously there had to be such difficulties over a scheme designed to remedy the uncoordinated growth of more than six hundred great electrical undertakings.

The authorities had to prevent these difficulties from wrecking the whole plant and they did it by a triumph of diplomacy—by the exercise of firmness or sympathy as the case might be. In this way they won over the bulk of the obstinate landlords who objected to the scheme.

The fact that less than 2½ per cent. of the rights of way have been compulsorily acquired is a fine tribute to the skill with which the negotiations were carried out. In doing so they drew up what is probably the most intricate set of legal agreements in existence, which have brought the various electrical interests of the kingdom into one happy, harmonious camp.

There were, of course, structural difficulties by the thousand. For instance, to take the cable from Preston to Lancaster, across the River Ribble, at such a height that there was plenty of clearance for shipping seemed easy at first. Towers mounting to a height of 239 feet, as they reached the river, were the obvious solution.

BRITAIN HAS BEEN COBWEBBED WITH A MAGIC NETWORK

which will revolutionise the lives of millions of people. For the giant pylons will bring their mighty cargo of power to the home, the farm and the factory

Beating Nature

But then came the problem of how to bed such gigantic steel erections in shifting gravel, and in the end it was necessary to bore down to solid rock and build foundations of a kind not often laid except by the builders of New York's skyscrapers.

At Crossness, where the cable has to cross the Thames at such a height that the greatest ships can pass beneath it at high tide, it has been necessary to build pylons 490 feet high—more than a hundred feet higher than the cross of St. Paul's—with a base more than 120 feet across.

Nearly 180,000 tons of steel have had to be used in the great Grid scheme, and also 15,000 tons of aluminium, and huge quantities of other material, all of it British. Enough of it, in other words, to build another Royal Navy as big as the one we have now.

Not to build a Royal Navy in one dockyard or two right in the heart of a great industrial centre—that would have been easy by comparison—but to raise the Grid bit by bit all over the countryside, in thousands of villages and hamlets, on mountain sides, out on the moors, away over the swamps, everywhere where there were houses, or farms, or factories wanting electricity.

There has never been such a building problem since the railways were made.

Huge encampments of men, reminiscent of the Klondike gold rush, grew up in places that had never known bigger assemblies than two shepherds in conversation; and huge machines thundered in valleys that had only known the sound of the plough.

In Scotland a town of log-built cabins grew up in a week, to disappear as quickly as it appeared—a sort of Wild West town peopled largely by Irishmen and Englishmen and Welshmen who had never seen Scotland before. There were some

Our Lives—

SWITCH ON TO THE GRID

wild and unruly characters among them. How could it be avoided in a pioneer town of 2,000?

There were among them gamblers eager to corner as much as possible of Saturday's pay-roll; fighters anxious to establish, with fists, their supremacy in their gang, or even in the whole camp. There had, in fact, to be a mushroom police force for this mushroom town.

It also had a mushroom postal service, which carried the mails to and from it, just as is done in the wildest parts of Alaska. Primitive life grew up in a night around the giant machines that were putting the Grid on the map of Britain.

There were many such camps, and still more smaller ones. Among the pioneers were husbands who had left their homes for the first time in their lives and gone many miles into the wilds. Some seemed to forget the women and children they had left behind, and angry women sought out camp after camp in search of the men who had deserted them in this quest for work and adventure.

Yes, the difficulties of the Grid pioneers have not all been technical ones, but human ones as well.

But one by one difficulty after difficulty, disappointment after disappointment have been surmounted. All the time the work has gone on to schedule, and the world's greatest scheme for the rationalisation of the electrical industry is being brought to completion.

When it was begun in 1927, both America and Germany were ahead of us in electrical development, and even smaller countries were running us close. Now it is a neck-and-neck race for supremacy with Germany and the United States, and soon we shall have left them behind.

London will be assured an aggregation of power plant far bigger than that of any city in the world. Talk about the dazzling brilliance of Broadway if you will, but the real City of Light will be London.

Village beacons

Already our production of electricity is nearly three times what it was in 1921. Vast stretches of the cables are in use, although normal trading cannot begin until a grid tariff has been arranged, as it will be next year, and the nation-wide pooling arrangement brought into operation.

But in hundreds of lonely villages and hamlets the oil-lamps and candles that would have been the normal means of lighting for generations have been extinguished for ever. Although the Grid has not yet begun work on a national scale, it is already taking current to places that have never known electricity before.

On village greens big illuminated signs have appeared to tell the villagers to "Buy Electricity."

Kinema vans that teach hitherto unknown uses for current stop in the village streets.

Up at Farmer Giles' place, electricity is in some cases—and soon will be in a great many—milking the cows, churning the butter, separating the milk, mashing the turnips, threshing the corn, cutting the hay, grooming the horses, and cleaning the dairy utensils.

And Mrs. Giles has a home run on as up-to-date lines as a flat in Mayfair, having replaced coal fires, oil lamps, and back-ache with electric lamps, cookers, irons, washing machines and vacuum cleaners worked at the touch of a button.

There is a light in the one-roomed cottage on the hillside. Electricity is even there.

And there is electric watering down in the cucumber houses at the nurseryman's, growing cucumbers that put those that grandfather grew in the shade at last!

In Lanarkshire most of the tomato houses are already completely electrified. And nursery gardens are blooming in parts of Scotland where the weather encourages the growing of nothing but the hardiest heather.

Down at the stables there is, for the asking, ultra-violet ray for the horses. And at the bee-farm down the lane they set the bees thinking that summer had come before its time, the results, told in honey, being remarkable.

Electric mothers!

Why, they even have an artificial dawn at the poultry farm up by the railway, where the chickens are already hatched out by electric mothers, to be coaxed into earlier and more prolific laying by the same means.

And they say that Farmer Giles has been studying some new gadget that enables grass to be cut and stacked in one day. No more will rain coming at the wrong time rot the hay as it lies in his fields.

Air chambers have to be left in the stack, it is said, and electric fans driving through air turn the grass into hay sweet enough for the finest thoroughbred in the land.

Electricity is going to make 7 a.m. rising possible on the farms of Britain instead of 5 or 6 a.m. That alone will revolutionise the countryside.

Marvellous, of course. But even more marvellous to the bulk of the country workers are the bills for anything from 8s. to 18s. a quarter for a cottager's lighting, cooking and ironing—to be less still in a few years' time, when the full fruits of the Grid system are enjoyed.

Success of the system depends on building up a demand such as has never been known before. By making electricity the housemaid of rich and poor alike, that demand will be assured.

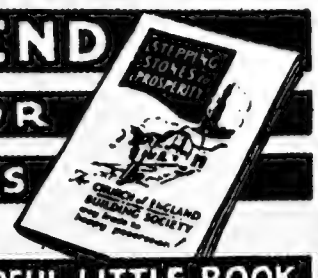
Yes, electricity is going to be a revivifying influence on the countryside. To every farm worker it will be a miracle on tap.

Work for all?

And in the cities, towns and larger industrial villages of the kingdom cheaper power is going to mean cheaper production, so greater success against foreign competition, and consequently more work for our own people.

It may even prove to be the sword that will slay the dragon of unemployment. Who knows?

The £31,500,000 already approved for expenditure on the Grid system—every penny of which is buying British labour and British materials—has not been spent in vain!



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95

PICNICS AND MIDGE BITES

Look Up No. 26

A cynic once remarked that picnics would be very pleasant and enjoyable if they could take place indoors. No doubt he meant by this that while one half of Nature was an asset to the picnic, the other half—the midges, the mosquitoes, the wasps, and the livestock in general—was nothing more than a pest.

There used to be a great deal of truth in that cynic's remark. But there isn't any longer, for we have Milton now! Milton—the ordinary, everyday Milton—is the quickest and most soothing healer of all bites and stings that it is possible to use. It may seem surprising to you that Milton can accomplish this miracle in addition to all its other uses. But it is just another version of the old, but very true, Milton story of a powerful but quite harmless disinfectant. Milton, in fact, neutralises the poisons which cause the pain and irritation of bites and stings. It takes the swelling down—or, if you use it quick enough, prevents it from forming at all. And because the cause of the swelling is also the cause of the pain, you will find that your Milton—dabbed on at full strength—at once relieves all the sting.

But—important as that is—Milton performs a much more important duty than that. Bites and stings can be more than irritating—they can be dangerous. They can become the starting point of poisoning and inflammation that may even prove fatal in its effects. It is this danger that Milton completely abolishes. Even if the skin has been scratched and broken, Milton will heal it cleanly and rapidly.

Slip a bottle of Milton into the picnic basket this summer—be sure you have a bottle when you go on holiday. Apply it full strength, rub it well into the skin, repeat the dose as many times as you like—for Milton can do nothing but good.

Look up "Use No. 26" in the new indexed directions booklet that is packed with every bottle for exact instructions for use.

Adventure

"The yellow light cut a circle in the Stygian gloom, and huddled there in the black cave lay Edward Dickinson . . ."

A CAMEO TALE by HOWARD R. MARSH

NO one knew the antecedents of Edward Dickinson. He appeared at the reference desk of the library one day, his head little higher than the table top, his mild, blue eyes blinking from embarrassment, his soft, tentative voice quavering at his own temerity.

Did they need help, perhaps? Was there some job he could do? Putting away the books, perhaps, or dusting? He might be a desk clerk, as far as that went, for he could read and write well enough. With that praise of his own virtues he grinned self-deprecatingly and passed his hand over his bald forehead, ruffling the few strands of grey hair which had been so neatly arranged.

No, Katherine Emery, who was on duty, informed him; she was sorry, but there was no vacancy. No, there was no possible opening for him.

Caretaker work, then? Surely he could help somewhere. He didn't expect big wages; he could live on little enough. Maybe he could do odd jobs; he was really quite handy. Again that modest grin, followed by a turtle-like stretching of his thin, corded neck.

He smiled and blinked so trustingly, so helplessly, that there wasn't a girl at the desk but suddenly felt the desire to help him, mother him, this tiny, wizened man with the baby-blue eyes.

In the end Katherine Emery referred him to Miss Picard, the chief librarian, and all of the girls at the desk felt that the old man had been betrayed.

Already they could see the spare little figure wilt and fade away before those sharp, black eyes of Miss Picard; already they could see him bowing and backing to the door, where he would turn and run because the sharp edge of Miss Picard's refusal had cut him so much.

But Edward Dickinson did not wilt away. He came from Miss Picard's office and went to work at the shelves, pushing the little trucks of books backwards and forwards, arranging them by number and letter.

IT was remarkable how quickly he learned the location of books, the system by which they were classified.

It was remarkable, too, how rapidly he became an intrinsic part of the library, just as much a part of it as the bust of Goethe which had been restored to a place near the front door following the war.

Of course, there were times when it was disconcerting to the girl clerks to have a man working there; times when they gathered for little gossip sessions, for tears over real or fancied harsh treatment from Miss Picard, for blushes when some subscriber caught their hands under cover of returning books and grinned provocatively.

Other times, too, when they wished to hide for a cat nap after a late dance, it was disturbing to have the little wispish man slide silently on to them.

He had adopted a black alpaca coat in true librarian style; from the first day he perched gold-rimmed spectacles protectively in front of his mild eyes. Back and forth he went, pushing the rubber-tyred trucks, sliding silently along on his own rubber heels.

"Probably about twenty-five shillings a week," the girls decided in their first discussion of what Miss Picard paid him. "Some old clerk who lost his job and is willing to work for nothing. Yes, most certainly an old book-keeper who is superannuated."

EDWARD DICKINSON didn't seem to age as the months passed. His black suit became more shiny, his shirts were obviously badly frayed, sometimes he looked peaked and half-starved, but his eyes were always serene, his hands deft, his footsteps noiseless and rapid.

Quite unexpectedly he took squatter's rights in the library, moving in a couple of blankets and a battered suitcase far back in the "reserved" section. It was days before anyone except the head caretaker, with whom he had undoubtedly made peace, knew that he was using the cubby-hole under the stairs as a dormitory.

No one disturbed him, least of all Miss Picard, who probably felt some twinges of conscience over the miserly wage she was paying him. She explained to the head caretaker that the old man would be useful as a watchman, always on duty in the most valuable section of the library.

It was a new girl who joined the staff of fledgling librarians who rearoused interest in the old man.

"Funny thing about old Dickinson," she said. "He must love books, yet he never reads one. I asked him if he ever read, and he just blinked at me and grinned and shook his head. Never reads—and works in a library! Imagine that!"

This fact about Edward Dickinson slowly filtered up to Miss Picard. For some reason it seemed to irritate her. That was no way for a librarian to behave. A librarian must read omnivorously, must love the inside of books as well as the outside. A few days later Miss Picard was heard scolding the old man.

"You ought to read, Mr. Dickinson. You ought to read a great deal. Here you are in one of the finest libraries in

(*Continued on page 24*)

"The Greatest of These"

Thank You!

MARY'S mother, whose case, "A Cottage Tragedy," appeared recently in JOHN BULL, wishes to thank our readers who came to her rescue.

"If only I could tell you," she writes, "what all this help means, then I feel sure you would feel repaid for all that you have done. You did not know just how desperate things were, how I had cringed by the side of the road for fear people should notice I had no soles on my shoes, and how I have walked along with a newspaper tied tightly over my 'tummy' to prevent that awful faint feeling through hunger. . . .

"What kind hearts there still are in the world, and I do hope you will explain to them how much their help has meant."

And Jeanette's father "wishes to sincerely thank everyone concerned in so generously responding to the appeal made on our behalf."

Thanks to our subscribers, his kiddies have now beds to sleep on.

A Welsh father writes:

"I again wish to thank you and readers. The help I have received has put me on my feet again, although I'm still out of work. But the help received has saved both children by getting them the best of nourishment, and they have had clothes and boots which they could not have had but for your fund. I can never repay for the timely help I had when down and out and the two kiddies with double pneumonia."

Our sad experience is that when we publish letters of thanks, which we feel are due to our subscribers, we receive very little help for a time at least, our readers concluding that all is well with the fund.

But there is the other side—very many applicants have to be refused help for lack of funds.

Donations should be addressed to The Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given.

List of subscriptions can be seen at our office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

Watch the DIFFERENCE CONDITION makes to YOUR Dog

Let Happiness and Health replace the Misery of Overheated Blood

If you cast your mind back and compare your dog's present condition with the bounding health he enjoyed three months ago you will be surprised at the change in him at the present time—**no reserve of energy, less "bloom" on the coat, less sparkle in the eyes.**

The reason is that blood ailments develop more rapidly in hot weather. Your dog cannot perspire, as his skin is non-porous. Consequently, on every warm day his blood overheats, **and if your dog has not been conditioned, and food impurities have been allowed to collect** in his blood, every overheating will aggravate and increase these impurities. It is this overheating of **impure** blood that makes these blood ailments so common in summer:—LISTLESSNESS, CONTINUAL SCRATCHING, LOSS OF APPETITE, LOOSE COAT, ECZEMA, SWELLINGS between the TOES.

There is no need for your dog to suffer the wretchedness these ailments bring. Bob Martin's Condition Powders not only cure, **but easily prevent,** all common ailments by removing **every impurity** from the blood and toning up the whole system.

Watch the difference **condition** makes to **your** dog. Provide him with Bob Martin's Condition Powders **now,** and in a few days you will notice how his appetite becomes sharper, his eyes clearer, his step more jaunty, and his manner happier. On his coat, you will see the biggest difference of all, for it will begin to take on that beautiful 'bloom' which distinguishes the well-conditioned dog and is the surest sign of pure blood.

Chemists, dog biscuit shops, and big stores everywhere sell Bob Martin's Condition Powders in 6d. packets of 9 (nine) powders and 1/- boxes of 18 powders. Made (since 1892) by Bob Martin Ltd., Southport, Eng.

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and spare him the misery of overheated blood

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You can do it with SHARPEX. You can ensure 365 perfect shaves from any double-edge razor blade if you strop it each morning on a SHARPEX.

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In two flavours — P.K., with the pure double-distilled peppermint flavour, and Spearmint, with the pure mint leaf flavour. Only 1d. a packet—the greatest value a penny can buy.

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MEANS BETTER CHEWING GUM

Why is it called the

POST TOASTIES releases its stored-up energy quickly. These crisp, golden flakes of Indian Corn are packed with quick new energy. Give the family a flying start on the day's work—with Post Toasties, the Wake-up Food. Buy the big red and yellow packet from your grocer today, and try it tomorrow, with milk or cream.

Post Toasties

The Wake-up Food

Post Toasties is one of the Post Food Products of the Grape-Nuts Company Ltd., 38 Upper Ground Street, Blackfriars, S.E.1. Also: Grape-Nuts, Post's Bran Flakes, Certo, etc., etc.

ONLY 7½d.

THE MAN who had NO TIME for "ADVENTURE"

(*continued from page 22*)

the country, surrounded by wonderful books. You should improve your mind. In that way, perhaps, one day you can get a place at the desk."

Edward Dickinson cleared his throat apologetically.

"I suppose I should," he agreed. "Only my eyes are tired when I've finished putting away books. I don't feel like reading."

"What do you do in the evenings?"

"Evenings?" Edward Dickinson repeated the word as if it were strange to him, then caught grip on his thoughts. "Why, I just sit and think."

"Think?" scoffed Miss Picard tartly. "I didn't know that your life gave you much to think about."

"Perhaps not," the wispish old man agreed.

"If you're tired at night you ought to read books of adventure. They'd rest you; they'd take you out of yourself. That's what you need. Some books of adventure. Your life is too drab. You can't imagine the world moving outside the walls of this library. Except for your meals across the road at the restaurant, I don't think you ever leave it."

"Oh, yes, I do," corrected Dickinson mildly. "I often walk to Regent's Park. I go to the Zoo and see all the animals."

"That proves it," Miss Picard declared triumphantly. "That shows you need adventure, crave adventure. You should read about some great hunting experiences or about the great explorers and scientists. Now this book here—" She reached almost at random along the steel shelves and brought out Doughty's "Arabia Deserta." "This is full of adventures and narrow escapes. You'd like it, I am sure. It's a classic."

"YES, Miss Picard," agreed Edward Dickinson. "I'll try it one day. I suppose I do need—adventure."

He didn't change his habits. As far as the girls of the staff could discover he never read a book. Conscientiously they all, particularly the young girl who had made the discovery of his remissness, urged thrilling tales upon him, tales of fighting in Russia, hunting in Africa, fossil hunting in China.

And always old Dickinson agreed that some day he might read them; always he agreed that his life was too humdrum, that he needed the zest of vicarious adventure.

He became ill. Later the girls at the desk all realised that he had been sick three or four days before he crawled back into his black cubby-hole behind the stairs not to reappear.

He had moved more slowly, his eyes had glittered too brightly and he was constantly stifling a cough in a handkerchief lest it disturbed someone.

Yet it was only when he failed to appear for work one morning that full realisation came. As a matter of fact, it was almost noon before anyone missed the old fellow, so accustomed they had all become to his silent step, his unobtrusiveness.

MISS PICARD sent the head caretaker to investigate. That bluff old man came back from the reserved section with his round dumb face quite white between the streaks of coal dust.

"The old codger's awfully ill," he reported. "He's—he's talking to himself."

Miss Picard bridled as if it were a personal affront, this squatter becoming sick on her domain. She sniffed and tossed her head and her black eyes flashed angrily.

"Ill? Well, I suppose I'd better go and see if he needs a doctor. One of you girls come with me."

Katherine Emery elected to join her, and the two marched back through the American Literature and English Literature stacks, up the narrow iron stairs and back again to the seldom-visited reserve shelves.

As they approached the last iron stairs they heard the voice of Edward Dickinson. Apparently he was not raving; he was talking in a monotone, but his voice had a strange vibrancy which they had never heard in the old man's tone.

"Get that extension light there," snapped Miss Picard. "Bring it under the stairs."

The yellow light cut a circle in the Stygian gloom, and huddled there in the black cave lay Edward Dickinson. A single tattered blanket was tangled around his knees, and below it his bare feet were turned stiffly upward.

HIS blue eyes were widely open. They didn't blink at the yellow light, but stared straight up at the black, glistening iron overhead.

His left arm was crooked across his chest, a hollow, rib-showing chest, and his gnarled fingers clutched a stiff yellow paper tightly to his side as if it were a plaster to relieve pain.

For several moments the head librarian and her assistant stood staring down at the old man, held by the strange timbre of his voice, held by his strange words.

"We outspan here," and although his voice was low there was a tone of authority in it which brooked no defiance.

"Range the wagons outside and the oxen in the centre. Post sentries every hundred feet. If the Matabeles attack it will be at dawn, when they can get through the mimosa thorn. We rather expect them, you know." He laughed quietly. "What that *impi* of six thousand blacks can do to our hundred men will be plenty, eh, Captain?"

Those thin lips cracked in a smile and now his eyes blinked rapidly. Obviously he was amused. "Those Matabele warriors will make hash out of us for sure, but we can give them a little hell first, eh? . . . Hi! You troopers get some big fires started. We've lost one man and two oxen by lions already to-day. That's it, heap 'em up. Now half of you fellows turn in and get some sleep. . . . Food? To hell with food! You need sleep because you'll be up at dawn with six thousand Matabele assegais at your throats. . . . Sleep! We all need—sleep."

His words droned into silence; he remained staring straight up at the zigzagged iron, that strange smile playing on his lips.

Miss Picard and Katherine Emery turned suddenly and fled as if they were pursued. Miss Picard called her own doctor.

"It's pneumonia," the smart young practitioner reported after his examination. "I've called the ambulance. We'll take him to the hospital. Here's something he had in his hand. I thought it might tell something about his relatives."

He handed Miss Picard the old, stained piece of yellow parchment, green along the creases, blurred throughout, which Dickinson had clutched so tightly to his side.

THE librarian studied it for a moment and then handed it to Katherine Emery.

The Parchment, dated Fort Salisbury, Rhodesia, was the honourable discharge of one Edward Dickinson from the British South Africa Company's Mounted Police, signed by Captain Shamley Turner. And above the Captain's signature in the same handwriting were the scrawled words: "The best trooper in the outfit."

Two events that afternoon closed the story of Edward Dickinson. One was a 'phone call from the young doctor to Katherine Emery.

"It's all right," he said. "The old fellow just passed out quietly. He smiled and said, 'We'll outspan on the high veldt to-night.' I thought he was rational, but those were his last words, whatever they mean."

The other incident was back in the stacks where Katherine Emery went to report the telephone call to Miss Picard. She found the head librarian bending over a book, a large, musty, unused volume of reports.

Even in the dim light Miss Emery could see that her chief's eyes were glistening, and the two sniffed quite audibly together.

WITHOUT words Miss Picard handed the book to her assistant, her long white forefinger trailing above a single paragraph out of two pages of names and dates:

"Dickinson, Edward. Corporal, Troop A. Joined Cecil Rhodes' Mounted Police at Mafeking, April 9, 1890. Led the vanguard of the expedition 1,000 miles north to where Fort Salisbury was founded. The only one of ten men in Tent 9, Troop A, to survive. Volunteered to lead the desperate mission which found Lobengula, the treacherous Matabele chief, and arranged temporary treaty with him. With six men explored westward along the Zambezi for four hundred miles. Given up for dead, but reappeared six months later, in time to see action in the Matabele War, where he distinguished himself on the Shangani River, his company, with one machine gun, holding back 3,000 native warriors. Discharged, Fort Salisbury, March 1, 1892, and chose with five comrades to attempt to cross Portuguese territory eastward to the ocean. Only two of the men survived. Left Africa in 1894. Present whereabouts unknown."

"And I told him he needed adventure," sniffed Miss Picard, patting her nose with her handkerchief. "I told him to stop lying in the blackness and thinking and not to go to the Zoo, but to read about—adventure!"

A "John Bull" Reader's Own Story—

INSPIRED by an article in JOHN BULL on the subject of roving adventurers, "The Legion of Lost Ones," a reader has sent us a record of his own wanderings.

So absorbing is his story, so crowded with variety, colour and thrills, that we have decided to publish it for the entertainment of all JOHN BULL readers.

The first instalment of this gripping personal narrative appears in these pages

Next Week

763 PRIZES for "Diploma" Limericks

FIRST PRIZE £50

A stout lady tripper of Dee
Had a snap taken down by the sea:
Her spouse said "My dear,
You are not quite all here"

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SPECIAL PRIZES 200 CAMERAS

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The Proprietors of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese offer a first prize of £50 and other prizes, as stated, for a best last line to this Limerick. Write your last line on a piece of paper and attach the small coloured label from a portion of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese (either Cheddar, Cheshire or Dunlop), or label from 'Diploma' Milk, 'Coronet' Milk, 'Regal' Milk or 'Moonraker' Empire Cheese. Send as many attempts as you like, which may all be written on one sheet, but for each must be attached a label. The Managing Director's decision is final and legally binding. Address to

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RESULT:
A complete list of winners will be forwarded by post to every competitor.

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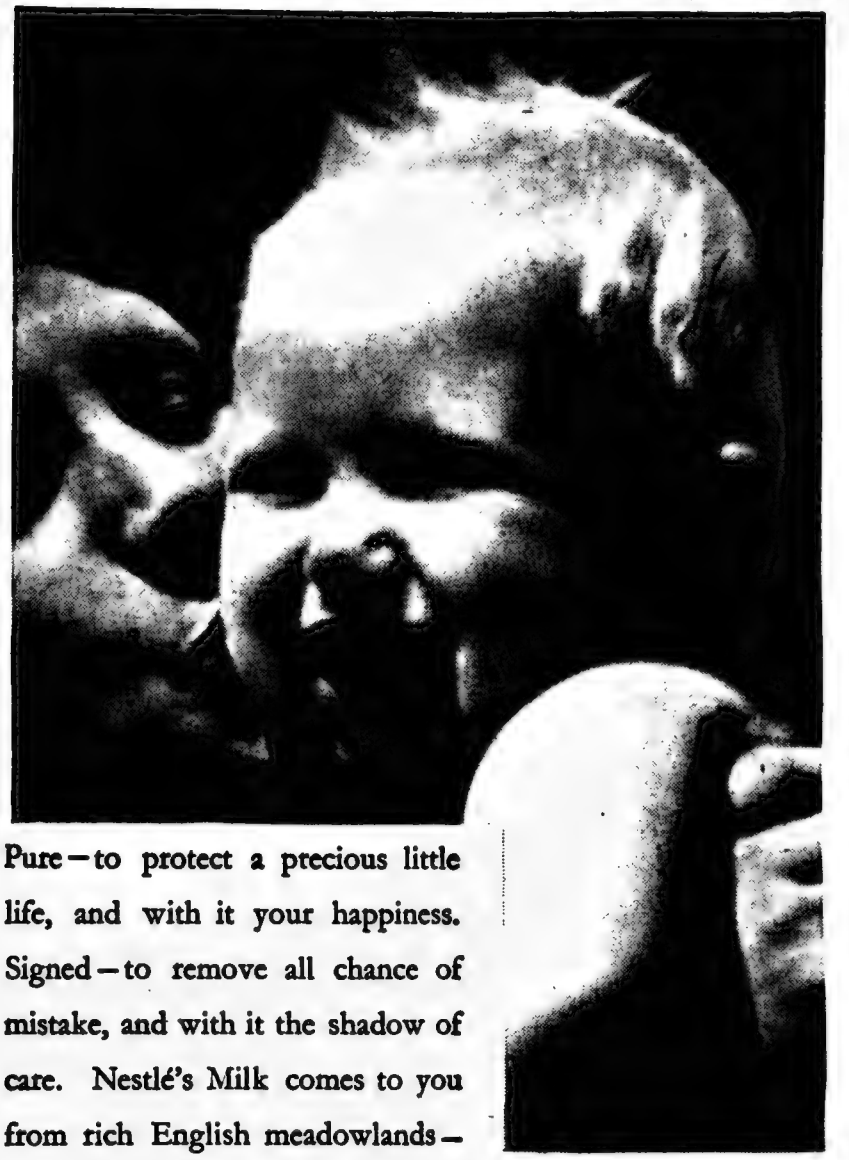

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Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

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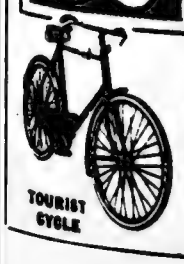

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CHROMIUM PLATED
All Cycles are equipped with Pump, Toolbag, Tools, Oilcan & Reflector.
Frames, 22, 24, 26 ins.

CYCLE DEPT., FIRST FLOOR.

CASH PRICE £5-10-0 or delivered for 8/6 and 14 further monthly payments of 8/6.

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SELFRIDGE'S
SELFRIDGE & CO., LTD., OXFORD ST., W.1.

DELIVERED FOR 6/-

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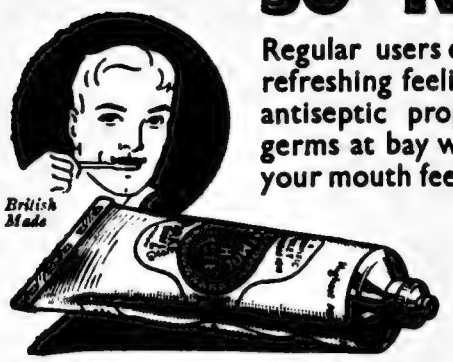
So Refreshing



Regular users of Euthymol know the clean, refreshing feeling it gives to the mouth. Its antiseptic properties keep dental decay germs at bay whilst its healthy tang makes your mouth feel fresh all day. If you do not yet enjoy this pleasure, send in the coupon for the seven-day gift tube. Afterwards you will purchase regularly from your chemist the large 1/3 tube.

To Dept. 67Z, EUTHYMOL,
50, Beak Street, London, W.1.
Please send me a sample tube of Euthymol.
Name.....
Address.....
.....

Euthymol TOOTH PASTE

Kills DENTAL DECAY GERMS in 30 seconds.

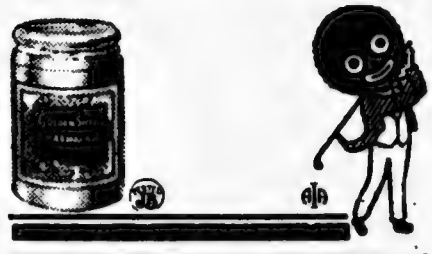
DOCTORS ADVISE ... ORANGE JUICE

Golden Shred . . . is orange juice and sugar

That's why your childs Bread needs

'Golden Shred'

THE ORANGE JUICE MARMALADE



Get Rid of Acidity

Digestion cannot proceed properly if the stomach is burdened with acidity. A *rational* and *safe* means of freeing the stomach from acidity is provided by Dr. Jenner's Absorbent Lozenges, made by Savory & Moore from a formula of the famous Dr. Jenner.

These lozenges are quite different from the ordinary antacid preparations, and contain neither bismuth nor magnesia. They owe their value to their remarkable power to absorb acidity. To sufferers from Heartburn, Flatulence, Dizziness, Palpitation (especially at night), and all the ills that arise from acidity, they are of the greatest possible benefit. They are quite harmless, having no effect whatever on the stomach itself or the digestive ferments.

A feature of the lozenges, which is attested by all who use them, is the *immediate* relief given, even in chronic cases. Their action is so beneficial that in a short time ordinary meals can be taken without fear of indigestion.

Boxes 1/3, 3/-, and 5/-, of all chemists.

A FREE SAMPLE

of Dr. Jenner's Absorbent Lozenges will be sent on receipt of a postcard. Mention "John Bull," and address Savory & Moore, Ltd., Chemists to The King, 143A, New Bond Street, London, W.1.

The Ideal Beverage for Strenuous Summer Days

IN summer-time, every hour of sunshine is an invitation to come into the open for healthy recreation and exercise. As a consequence, most of us find it a strenuous season, entailing an expenditure of physical energy far exceeding that of any other time of the year.
There is a delicious summer drink which is both refreshing and thirst-quenching, but which also provides all the nutritive elements that are lacking in the summer dietary. It is none other than "Ovaltine"—the well-known food beverage—served *cold*. It is easily and quickly made by adding two teaspoonfuls of "Ovaltine" to a glass of cold milk or milk and water, and mixing with a whisk or in a shaker. Cold "Ovaltine" goes wonderfully well with a light lunch, and is very acceptable as a mid-morning beverage, or in fact, whenever you feel tired and thirsty.
"Ovaltine" is easily digested and does not overheat the blood. It is therefore in every way an ideal summer beverage for children and grown-ups alike.

Philip Inman Discusses a *Different* Eternal Triangle—

HUMAN DOCUMENTS

The OTHER MAN'S Child

WHAT a curious business is marriage! A man and a woman join forces in a relationship that is the most intimate on earth. And yet those two may be as opposite as the poles. Their outlook on life, their desires, their interests may lie in entirely different directions.

The most surprising thing about the marital state is not that there are a number of failures, but that there are so many successes. And there are. Let there be no doubt about that. You hear very little about them, whereas the failures are noised abroad. It is a pity that more is not told of those who "live happily ever after."

Now, when troubles do arise between a husband and his wife, what are the chief causes? This week I want to deal with three of them.

The first is jealousy. And here is a letter from a woman reader:

"I have a little girl aged nine by my first husband, who died three years ago. I married again, and we have a little boy a year old. My first child is well-mannered and always obedient to her step-father, and yet lately she seems to get on his nerves, and I can see he has the greatest difficulty to treat her even civilly.

"I care deeply for them both, but naturally feel a great tenderness towards my little girl, whose daddy loved her so greatly.

"My husband is very kind to me, but he cannot bear to see me fondle or even talk to my little daughter, and this makes me feel I cannot be nice to him. It is to me a great trouble, and seems likely to ruin our home life entirely."

There is one reason to account for that husband's conduct. He is obviously jealous. He probably sees in his wife's devotion to that child some affection for her first husband.

Nothing short of a straight and diplomatic talk with him will remedy matters. He must be reminded that when he married her mother he assumed a certain amount of responsibility for the child, and he must have known that she would have to share their home.

His attitude is very stupid and short-sighted. Can he not see that the love his wife shows for her child is entirely different from her love for him? And it is a psychological fact that the more averse he is from his step-daughter, the more natural it will be for his wife to correct this by showing a greater affection for her fatherless child.

A *Frank Talk*

A quiet chat along these lines should help to give him a better perspective, and should lead to the solving of the problem. If it does not, the mother should make up to her little girl for whatever she may lose from the attitude of her step-father.

In order not to increase his jealousy this can be done when he is not present. It would be a thousand pities for that home life to be ruined when the husband and wife apparently care so much for each other.

* * * *

The second cause of married unhappiness is outside interference. Here is a letter from another reader, this time a man:

"I have been married four years, and we have one child. My parents are both dead, and my wife has only her mother living.

"The mother is seventy-two years old, and the most cynical person I ever knew. She sees evil in everybody, particularly in my own relations, and makes all sorts of unjust and untrue allegations against them. Unfortunately, my wife believes a good deal of what her mother says, and I can see that her mind is being slowly poisoned.

"The pity is that when my wife and I are alone we are as happy as can be.

"Now this is my dilemma: I have tried to talk to my mother-in-law, pointing out where she has been wrong. But it all seems useless, and I have formed the opinion that she will never alter. Yet I do not want to stop her from visiting us, for I know that my wife would feel upset if that happened."

"So Much Good"

Now let us look at his position. His mother-in-law is an old woman. If he stopped her from coming to see them, and anything should happen to her, his wife might blame him—that would leave a permanent shadow upon their future married life.

I advise my correspondent not to take any drastic step. He must try to counteract his mother-in-law's baneful influence by helping his wife to see the good in people instead of the bad.

After all, time is on his side, and his wife will one day discover that his attitude towards life is not only a charitable one, but one that brings the most satisfaction. There is a lot of truth in that old rhyme:

"There is so much good in the worst of us,
And so much bad in the best of us,
That it ill becomes any of us,
To talk about the rest of us."

My correspondent might quote that to his mother-in-law.

* * *

Lack of mutual co-operation and understanding is also responsible for many of the troubles between a man and his wife. My third letter comes from a correspondent who has been married for two years:

"I am a small shopkeeper," he writes, "but unfortunately my profits are not sufficient to keep both my wife and myself, so she goes out to work in the mill.

"She hates the idea of shopkeeping, and is always pressing me to sell my business. She complains that we can never go out together, because my shop closes on Tuesday and her half-day holiday is on Saturday.

"There is also a mortgage on my house and shop, which will take fifteen years to pay off. My wife says that by that time we shall have lost the best years of our lives.

"What can I do? If I sell out it would be almost impossible to get another job as there are already twenty thousand unemployed in this town. Also, I should not receive unemployment benefit."

For the time being that couple are definitely up against it, and they must recognise the fact. The wife hates shopkeeping—there are many folk in the world who dislike their jobs, but in these days those persons are fortunate who have any work at all.

Let the woman forget her likes and dislikes for the time being. Let her help her husband to make a success of his undertaking. With their combined endeavours and more enterprise they might be passably well off.

Remember that our industrial position is not always going to be as black as it is to-day. When trade improves, as it is bound to do, they would be in a position to take advantage of the revival.

Real Helpmate

My correspondent says that his wife is "pressing him to sell the business." What would be the earthly good of doing that? With unemployment so rampant it would be like jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire.

Sir William Hartley, the big manufacturer, started by keeping a small shop. And what a tremendous success he made of his life! But he had a wife who helped and did not hinder. My correspondent and his wife took each other for "better or worse." By pulling together instead of tugging in opposite directions they would make it increasingly "better."

PHILIP INMAN'S chief aim in life is to help you out of your troubles. Your problem may seem insoluble, but there's always a way out—and Philip Inman usually finds it. Address your letters to "Humanist," and enclose a stamped envelope. £1 1s. will be paid for each letter he quotes.

WHEN *least* EXPECTED...

"Cleanse and protect at once! Infection is so easy"

DOCTORS SAY

INFECTION is *so* easy; you must guard against it *at once*. Wash even the smallest injury carefully, then immediately shut all infection out.

"Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly does this. It is the purest emollient known. A little smeared over keeps the cut or bruise or burn perfectly healthy, helps it to heal.

A jar will help you in a hundred and one valuable ways. A little rubbed in at night keeps hands smooth and white; splendid for chapped lips; and kiddies' cheeks on cold days. Every home should have its jar ready. Chesebrough Manufacturing Co. Cons'd., Victoria Road, Willesden, London, N.W.10.

● ***To make eyelashes silky, apply a little "Vaseline" Jelly with an eyelash brush, curl, and leave on overnight.***

Trade **Vaseline** Mark
Petroleum Jelly

Confidence

ANYWHERE—in restaurant, theatre or office—beauty gives you confidence. And beauty is within your reach.

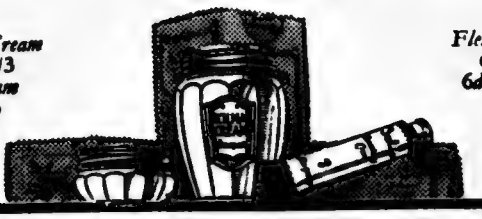
THIS IS THE SIMPLE SECRET

Morning, noon, and night rub Icilma Cream—the world's finest toilet cream—freely over your face. Icilma Cream is the one Cream your skin needs. For this three-fold aid to loveliness protects, clears and stimulates the skin to beauty in one operation.
Buy it to-day—try it to-night.

COMPLETE TRIAL BEAUTY TREATMENT FREE
Send for the Icilma Beauty Outfit—it contains three large trial tubes of Icilma Vanishing Cream, Cold Cream, Flesh-Tinted Cream, and a box of Face Powder—please indicate the shade you require—Naturelle, Crème or Brunette. Simply forward your name and address with 3d. in stamps (packing and postage) to ICILMA (Dept. 23A), 39, King's Road, St. Pancras, London N.W.1.

Icilma
Vanishing Cream

Vanishing Cream
6d, 9d, 1/3
Cold Cream
6d, 1/3

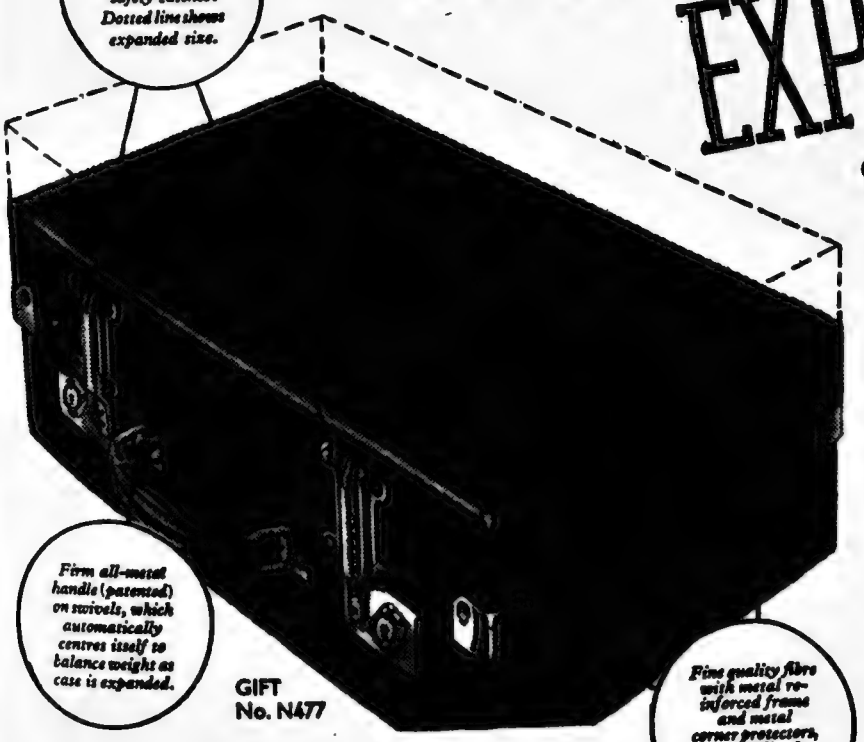


Flesh-Tinted Cream
6d, 1/- 1/9

B·D·V EXPANDING SUITCASE

150 COUPONS

Nickelled expanding clasps, two locks with safety catches. Dotted line shows expanded size.



Firm all-metal handle (patented) on swivels, which automatically centres itself to balance weight as case is expanded.

Fine quality fibre with metal reinforced frame and metal corner protectors, canvas lined, weatherproof finish

GIFT
No. N477

Everyone needs an expanding suitcase, and now everyone can have the very latest type—free. This splendid case measures 24" x 15" x 7¼" when it is fully compressed, and expands to 24" x 15" x 9½", light yet strong, beautifully finished inside and out. It is yours for 150 B.D.V coupons, or 130 only if you cut out and include the voucher below.

B. D. V cigarettes have been famous for thirty years. They have satisfied the most critical smokers. They will satisfy you. Change to-day to B.D.V.

No matter how many coupons you find in a packet of other brands, together they are not of greater value than ONE B.D.V COUPON.

CUT THIS OUT NOW 28-21-G
Available for suitcase No. N477 only

Free Voucher
20 COUPONS for BDV
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only one voucher can be accepted towards any one gift
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B·D·V CIGARETTES

10 for 6d. 20 for 11½d. ▪ ▪ ▪ TOBACCO 11½d. per ounce

CHANGE TO-DAY TO B. D. V. — AND GET THE GIFT YOU FANCY *FREE*!

"Oh! that Corn!"

Drop a little 'Freezone' Corn Remover on that aching corn—*instantly it stops hurting*, then shortly you lift it right off with your fingers! Doesn't hurt one bit! Your chemist and all branches of Boots', Taylor's and Timothy White's sell 'Freezone' Corn Remover at 1/3, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn or callous, quickly and painlessly.
Three 'Freezone' Corn Rings free in every package.

UGLY HAIR GONE FOREVER

ASTOUNDING DISCOVERY BY BRITISH SCIENTIST

No woman can look attractive in a bathing costume if disfigured by growths of superfluous hair on arms and legs. No longer need you use a razor which only makes the hair grow faster and thicker—nor evil smelling, messy chemical depilatories which are positively dangerous. NEW VEET—containing Wenlo-White, the recent marvellous discovery of a British Scientist, dissolves the keratin in the hair and hair roots—the hair just falls away.
New Veet is a delightfully perfumed cream, as easy and pleasant to use as a face cream. You simply spread it on direct from the tube and then rinse off with water. You wash away every trace of hair with it, leaving the skin soft, white and smooth. No dark patches such as a razor leaves because it removes the hair *below* the skin surface. Beware of inferior imitations and harmful substitutes. Look on the label for the words NEW VEET.

It TAUGHT ME how to SEE!

The Blind Author's GREATEST HOUR

"Now I work for others"—Helen Keller reads from a Braille book to blind children at a London school. On the left is her signature which she has never seen

by Helen Keller

ALTHOUGH I can neither see nor hear I have known many wonderful hours during my lifetime.

From them all, I have no hesitation in choosing as my greatest hour one which took place on March 3, 1887, three months before I was seven years old.

On that great day my teacher, Anne Mansfield Sullivan, came to me, and I began to live in a new, a happier world.

Since the illness which had deprived me of both hearing and sight at the age of nineteen months the desire to express myself had been growing stronger and stronger. I remember, even now, after the lapse of so many years, how the failure to make myself understood was usually followed by outbursts of temper.

How little did I guess that that day marked the beginning of the time when I should pass from isolation into the joys of friendship, from darkness to light, when I should be able to learn of things undreamt of and to discover that "Knowledge is love and light and vision."

THAT afternoon I stood in the porch of our home, dumb, expectant. The afternoon sun shone on the honeysuckle—I could feel the warmth on the familiar fragrant blossoms as they opened to greet the glowing southern spring.

How could I know the miraculous surprise in store for me—I, in whom anger and bitterness had subsided into something like stupor? Like a ship in a dense fog, groping, lost, waiting for something to happen—that was I before my education commenced. I had no means of knowing where the harbour was; there was only the wordless cry of the soul, "Light, give me light!"

Then somebody touched me. Thinking it was my mother I held out my arms. I felt myself held closely by someone who was destined to show me everything that has made my life worth while.

That was my most wonderful hour—it was the beginning of all things.

Next day Anne Sullivan gave me a doll and slowly spelt out into my hand the word d-o-l-l. This finger-play interested me, and I tried to imitate. At first, of course, I did not know that I was spelling a word; the mere imitation intrigued me. Yet in several weeks I was able to understand that everything had a name.

There were many tussles, I can assure you. I recall when I smashed my doll and rather gloried in the broken fragments. At that time there was no tenderness in the darkness of my life, no sorrow, no regret for fits of temper; the "hour" had not done its work as yet; there was only the faint, dim glimmer of the light to come.

One day, while walking out in the warm sunshine, we reached the pump. Someone was drawing water, and Miss Sullivan put my hand beneath the cool stream and then spelled out w-a-t-e-r. Suddenly, my whole attention was fixed, a misty memory was reborn. Much later I realised the reason—"water" was one of the few words I had uttered as a baby before my illness.

That word awakened my soul; here was light, hope; the first barrier was down.

Exploration with the hands followed this awakening. I caressed buttercups and daisies on the banks of the Tennessee River; I learned how the sun and rain made the trees and flowers grow—these earliest thoughts were always linked with Nature.

Again, one spring morning, I detected an exquisite perfume, and recognised it as mimosa blossom. I almost buried myself in its fragrance. This was Paradise indeed!

In a thunderstorm once, a nameless fear taught me that Nature is not always kind.

On one occasion when stringing beads I mixed the large and the small, and my teacher set me right.

"Think," she said. And I believe that from that moment I grasped an abstract idea.

"What is love?" I asked her.

SHE drew me closer, kissed me, spelt into my hand "I love Helen," and pointed to my heart. For the first time I became conscious of my heart's beats. At last the Magic Hour had done its greatest work—I had the key to all language now, and I could understand thought.

There was much to follow. Learning to read, tracing maps in clay, where I could feel the rivers and the forests, and later there was a typewriter on which I could do my own compositions. Books became a pleasure which has endured throughout my life.

I learnt to row a boat—I still thrill to that first exciting adventure. For I could steer well, guided by the perfume of the sedges and watergrass. Canoeing—that is loveliest by moonlight.

No, I cannot see, but—there is my imagination.

As long ago as 1890 I was told of a girl who had learned to speak, to articulate as other people did.

After that I would run my hands over my teacher's lips and declare in our hand-language: "You must make me talk like other people. I do not want to be different."

And so it was that Miss Sullivan undertook the most difficult task of all, that of teaching me to articulate. I felt her lips, her throat, her cheek and, for some sounds her tongue. I imitated and gradually from strange sounds words grew.

When I first began to write Miss Sullivan and I went to live at Wrentham, for in May, 1902, my teacher married and became Mrs. Macy.

I did not lose her, though. Instead, I gained another friend.

FOR many years we lived together. Each morning Mr. Macy went to Boston; my teacher drove him to the station and then did the marketing, while I washed up and did many things about the house.

In time we began to give lectures. On the platform I passed my hands over her lips; we commenced to demonstrate how I had been taught.

For I am very anxious to explain that the hour when I met my teacher was not only my greatest hour, but, I hope, an hour which will have its lasting effect upon many who are shut up as I was, in perpetual darkness, prisoners without hope.

The blind do not want pity; they crave for help so that they may be as others, able to enjoy the beauty of the world and to be useful members of it.

When my teacher first came to me she was a young woman who had been blind from childhood, but whose sight had been slightly restored. She could have lived her own life, with ample chance of happiness—there was no necessity for her to struggle to help another.

Now we are both working for others.

We hope and we have faith, and in this I am happy. I have learned how beautiful the world is; the sun and the sky are as real to me as they are to you. I cannot look with my eyes, but in my imagination I can see all things—I can visualise beauty and happiness. That is enough.

NO SOAP SHAVEX NO BRUSH

A FEW years ago "SHAVEX" was unknown, yet it is in every part of the world to-day. Millions are now using "SHAVEX."

"SHAVEX" is the most modern and up-to-date method of shaving. What is more simple than wetting the beard with water, smearing a little "SHAVEX" lightly over the beard and then shaving? You will get the smoothest, cleanest and best shave you have ever had and your skin will feel like softest satin. No wrinkles will appear, as "SHAVEX" is a skin Food. It will also take only a quarter of the time required with soap and brush.

Never before has shaving been made so easy, so rapid, and so pleasant. No after lotions are required. Never before have men been given the true secret of youthful looks. "SHAVEX" is a Skin Food, Skin Tonic and Skin Preserver, preventing formations of wrinkles and lines, and keeping away the ravages of time.

Travellers who, when on a journey, find themselves short of water, can always get a perfect shave when carrying "Shavex" and look fresh. After being in sun and wind and the face is rough and sore and you have to shave, nothing is more soothing than a "SHAVEX" shave.

The skin after being shaved with soap and brush often looks and feels sore, as the soap and brush have taken all the natural oil and dried up the skin. "SHAVEX" gives the skin natural oils—all the creases smooth out with the use of "SHAVEX."

"Shavex" is without doubt the most perfect method of shaving in the world.

"Shavex" will give you the best shave you have ever had. Your face will keep young, as "Shavex" is a skin Food. All wrinkles disappear with "Shavex," as there is no soda in "Shavex" to dry up the skin. Your skin will feel as smooth as satin, and you will shave in a quarter the time that you would take with soap and brush.

SHAVEX

is sold everywhere in

6D., 1/- & 1/6 Tubes.

This man has been shaving with soap and using a brush, and his face is terribly sore. The time taken is exactly 10 minutes. Having a very tender skin it has brought the blood to the surface and left his face in a raw condition. By the time he is through, his face is very sore, he feels only half shaved, and thoroughly miserable—for two or three hours everything annoys him.

This man has had a perfect shave with SHAVEX Cream. He feels happy with life. It has taken him only two or three minutes. He notices that all the wrinkles have gone from his face where SHAVEX Cream has smoothed them away. He feels youthful and realises he grows younger every day. SHAVEX CREAM is a SKIN FOOD.

"HOW FINE I FEEL."—By jove. I grow younger every day with that SHAVEX CREAM. There's no doubt that Almond Oil IS used in Shavex. I haven't got a wrinkle in my skin—it's smoothed every one away—I am sure nobody takes me for fifty, and my face feels as though it has had a fine tonic. Thank heaven those implements of torture, shaving brush and soap, are finished.

SEND THIS COUPON TO-DAY
For FREE Sample Tube of SHAVEX

Cut out this Coupon, attach it to a piece of paper on which your name and address are written plainly and send with a 2d. stamp to the Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. R.11), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19.

ALMOND OIL ZEE-KOL TOILET SOAP

Beautiful and Talented Women's Evidence that it

CREATES BEAUTY AND PRESERVES BEAUTY

A revelation in transforming the worst skin in three nights into a most beautiful satiny and peach-like complexion. Never before has a soap of this description been given to the public. It is made of the purest oils.

This is the wholesale price of the material used in most of the advertised soaps. Compare this price to Almond Oil, which is 5/6 per lb. and which is used in Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

It has taken years to know how to blend the oils in this soap, because it is not like other soaps to-day, which are only ordinary soaps. Its oils are a marvellous tonic to the skin. No ordinary soap can do what Zee-Kol ALMOND Oil Soap does, yet it is sold everywhere to-day at half its former price—6d. instead of 1/-. Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is a perfect Shampoo. All dandruff disappears and the hair shines with health.

PALM OIL costs 4d. per lb.

ALMOND OIL costs 5/6 per lb.

Now it is easily seen why Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is the most expensive to make, as it is very rare to get Almond Oil in a soap at all. The price of Almond Oil will prove to everyone that there is no soap in the world so marvellous as Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

Blended with the most exquisite perfumes, ALMOND OIL has been chosen for this Zee-Kol Super-Toilet Soap. It contains the purest and the most natural oil for the skin. When washing, the natural oil is replaced and the skin keeps firm, smooth and beautiful.

1/- LARGE TABLET NOW 6D

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores or direct from

LUCRETIA BORGIA. Drawn by Tremator.

"Glorious Lucretia. I could sing of your charms and beauty all day—your skin is like a rose, with its heart of pink, and petals of palest hue."

"Don't flatter, musician—play your music, which is sweeter than all your flattery. All the complexion I have is made beautiful, not by my subtle poisons, but by the finding of the Almond Blossom, which produces Almond Oil; giving me my cherished complexion. This alone is the secret, for Almond Oil gives youth, life and beauty to the skin. So in my laboratory my beauty is made."

SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., Ltd. (Dept. S.14), 40, Blenheim Rd., Upper Holloway, N.19

Smokers who want Quality

find sure Satisfaction in this Famous Brand

PLAYER'S

DIGGER

TOBACCOS

DIGGER FLAKE
DIGGER MIXTURE
DIGGER CUT PLUG
DIGGER HONEYDEW
DIGGER SHAG
DIGGER BLACK CUT CAVENDISH

PER 8D OZ.
IN 2OZ. TINS 1/4

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. P.D.IQ.S.

Millionaire Now Tells

Why He Married Poor Working Girl

"The moment she looked up at me I was fascinated by the clear, fresh white beauty of her skin. I decided there and then I wanted her to be my wife."

Any woman can now easily have a skin that is soft, white and smooth—the kind of skin all men love and admire. Simply start the daily use of the new Crème Tokalon Skinfood, White Colour (non-greasy). It contains predigested dairy cream and olive oil combined with whitening, tonic and astringent ingredients. It instantly penetrates, soothes irritated skin glands, tightens enlarged pores, dissolves blackheads so that they fall away. Whitens and softens darkest, roughest skin. Gives indescribable new skin beauty and freshness in 3 days—such as can be obtained in no other way. It should be used every morning.

FREE. By arrangement with the manufacturers, any reader of this paper may now obtain a de luxe Beauty Outfit containing the new Tokalon skinfood creams (rose for the evening, white for the day). It contains also trial packets of Tokalon "Mousse of Cream" Powder. Send 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing and other expenses. Address: Tokalon Ltd. (Dept. 422E), Chase Road, London, N.W.10.

HAVE YOU AN ACID STOMACH?

When wind, pain, and distress follow a good meal, it is a sure sign of too much acid in your stomach. Get rid of it now, for it is dangerous. Acid is the cause of ulcers. No matter how much acid there may be in your stomach, you can enjoy and relish your next meal without fear of any after-effects if your have 'Bisurated' Magnesia handy to prevent the trouble before it starts. Try it. Eat whatever you like, and then take a little 'Bisurated' Magnesia to neutralise the acid, sweeten your stomach, and protect the stomach lining. Doctors recommend "Bisurated" Magnesia—thousands use it—because it will positively prevent stomach trouble or stop the worst attack of indigestion in less than five minutes. Get a 1s. 3d. package of 'Bisurated' Magnesia (in either powder or tablet form) from your chemist, use as directed, and your indigestion and stomach troubles will go like magic.

THOSE IN THE KNOW USE

AG PAPERS

Making it Harder for Them to be—

IN English prisons to-day there are record numbers of solicitors undergoing punishment for robbing their clients.

That is a startling fact revealing an appalling state of affairs.

JOHN BULL has long demanded official action to prevent frauds by unscrupulous solicitors, and we welcome Sir Thomas Inskip's announcement that the Law Society intends to introduce a Bill to this end.

No intelligent person believes that lawyers as a body are dishonest, but the black sheep of the profession can be very black indeed, and the havoc, misery and ruin they cause is incalculable.

Their misfortune

It is equally true that the majority of solicitors in jail at the moment are the victims of circumstances. It was their especial misfortune that they should be members of a profession which is concerned more than any other with trust funds and money belonging to others.

If grocers or publicans were the popular custodians of trust funds we might often hear of a grocer or a publican on trial at the Old Bailey for embezzlement.

A lawyer finds himself in need of a few hundred pounds, and, confident that he will be able to replace the money, filches it from a client's account.

When he is disappointed he has to "borrow" more to conceal his misappropriations, and eventually, his expectations not being realised, disaster ensues.

There is a Latin proverb to the effect that no man becomes wicked all at once, and in that we can find an excuse, though not a reason, for many legal defaulters.

On the other hand, there have been far too many instances of deliberate dishonesty by practitioners determined to lead a life of luxury at the expense of their clients.

The price paid?

One of these is at present undergoing a term of penal servitude, and when he emerges from prison he will go to a comfortable home in the country to end his days as a country gentleman.

But his victims, including several elderly women, will continue in chill penury for the remainder of their lives, their pitiful stories of having seen better days disbelieved by the sceptical, who have come to regard that phrase as a cloak for failure.

This blackguard succeeded to a good practice, but the income of a couple of thousand a year it produced was not sufficient for him. He wanted a house in town, another in the country, a yacht, and he obtained all three by embezzling more than one hundred thousand pounds.

When exposure overtook him, all he could do was to weep for his own misfortune in having been found out.

Another rogue of this kidney conducted for years, with the assistance of his sister, the leading social salon in one of the chief towns in the North.

Almost from the day he was admitted a solicitor he began to steal, but by sheer force of personality, eked out by colossal bluff, he maintained an outward appearance of solidity and respectability for over thirty years.

Who could doubt the integrity of a man who gave a dinner party for a high legal celebrity, and who was a personal friend of half the judges on the Bench? Those who read about the eminent solicitor who had a prominent public man spending the week-end with him could not fail to be impressed.

Yet all the time the rogue was robbing his clients!

There was a touch of ironic humour in one magnificent entertainment he gave, an entertainment which created a sensation by reason of its lavishness, for everybody present was a client, and not one of them suspected that the feast and the music—the solicitor had engaged the most expensive band in England for the occasion—were being paid for with their own money!

Oddly enough, one of the most callous and conscienceless of these embezzlers of recent years was never brought to justice, death stepping in when Scotland Yard was beginning to get interested in him.

He was a Member of Parliament, an honour he sought and obtained because he knew the important-looking letters after his name would be a bait victims could not resist.

He specialised in robbing women, but nothing might have been heard by the public of his defalcations had not nineteen elderly women whom he had robbed of every penny been compelled to apply to the relieving officer.

Knight robber

He began thieving in a comparatively small way, but when he became a member of the House of Commons he robbed with the reckless abandon of a highwayman.

A timely knighthood when clients were beginning to get restless gave him a fresh lease of life, and his accounts were short by more than two hundred thousand pounds when he died with mysterious suddenness.

To-day there are more than a score of families suffering because of his crime, chiefly women, as has been said.

What is the remedy? How can we stop the scandal of the defaulting solicitor?

The proposed legislation will help, and should receive the full support of the Government.

But how can we prevent a lawyer with honest intentions succumbing to temptation? The answer is, Remove the source and cause of temptation. Make it absolutely impossible for one individual to handle the money of countless clients or to have it under his sole control.

What is wanted is some measure that will make it impossible for a solicitor to have trust funds in his possession or to act as sole trustee. And if he is a trustee, his colleague should be a bank.

It might be too drastic to render it illegal for a solicitor to have anything at all to do with trust funds, and to make it compulsory for the public to employ as trustee one of the great banks or the Public Trustee, but the point to be considered is not the natural pride of the legal profession, but the safety of clients' money.

Don't tempt them!

For persons of small means, especially the widow and the fatherless, are the special prey of the shady lawyer.

That is why the problem is so urgent. But, after all, the remedy lies, as usual, with the clients as with Parliament.

If only they would remember that, with a bank as trustee, they have a guarantee worth millions of pounds, or, if they prefer the Public Trustee, they have the wealth of the State behind them!

Your solicitor may be a most charming man socially, a pillar of the local church, the very personification of honesty and probity, but you can never tell when he may be confronted with temptation, when the failure of another client to keep a promise may involve him in a difficulty from which he emerges temporarily by "borrowing" your money.

When you are dealing with human nature, you must remember its weakness as well as its strength.

Once a famous lawyer was asked his opinion of another, and he replied, as if shocked by such a question about such a personage: "My dear sir, he is an ornament to the profession. Need I say more?"

Within eighteen months that "ornament" was beginning a sentence of twelve years' penal servitude for embezzling his clients' money.

Black Sheep of the LAW

Give solicitors the work they can do, but do not put in their path the strongest of all temptations

"Well, then, why don't you try it, too?"

"I like to be original—but do you know why I started using Colgate's? I'll tell you. I was talking to my dentist about toothpastes being good for this and that . . . He said, 'Do you know what a toothpaste is for? A toothpaste is to clean teeth—just that and nothing more.' And he said 'no toothpaste can do it better than Colgate's.' Since I pay my dentist for advice, I'm going to take it. Besides, I like its flavour! And maybe you think the price of a shilling for a large tube does not appeal to me nowadays."

MADE IN ENGLAND

2 sizes: 1/- 6d.

"I'm in a hurry"

I want to come and tell you all about B.S.A. Bicycles—what wonderful value for money they are—how easy it is to buy a B.S.A. out of your weekly pay envelope for 2/2 a week.

And I want to make sure that you choose your B.S.A. in time to enjoy your holiday—that's why I'm in a hurry to get to you. Don't delay me—send the coupon NOW.

B.S.A. BICYCLES from £4.19.6 or 2/2 A WEEK

B.S.A. CYCLES LTD.
63, Small Heath, Birmingham.

Please send B.S.A. Bicycle Catalogue

Name.....

Address.....

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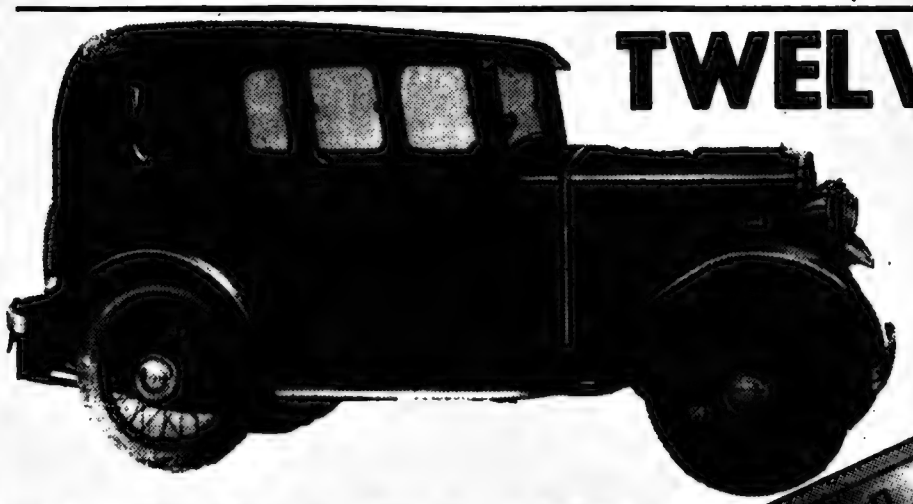

will win this

FREE

"TRIUMPH" LUXURY SALOON

"TRIUMPH" SUPER-SEVEN COACHBUILT SALOON

This superb Triumph Saloon has: 8-bearing crankshaft, vibrationless engine, Lockheed Hydraulic 4-wheel brakes, rear petrol tank, four doors with no central pillars, sliding roof, dipping headlights, safety-glass windscreen and absolutely complete equipment.

List Price £165. Delivered free to your home in Great Britain.

Contest No. 1 Winner.

The winner of the first of the Shard Razor Blade Contests, the prize for which is a Triumph Super-Seven Saloon car, is:—Mr. Ernest Lea, of 34, Birchall Road, Redland, Bristol. Mr. Lea's winning slogan was:—"SHARD BLADES COME BEFORE ALL OTHERS—THE TOUGHEST BEARDS GO BEFORE THEM."

SINCE first Shard Blades were offered to the public, thousands of men have been getting quicker, cleaner shaves—and paying less for them.

Now, in order that the whole country may have the opportunity to know and use Shard Blades, a great contest has been launched—with a splendid new Triumph Super-Seven Luxury Four-Door Saloon as prize.

Shard Blades—the new strip-steel safety razor blade in the patent cellophane-wrapped packet—cost only 6d. for 4. You can buy Shard Blades everywhere, including Boots, Taylors, Parkes, Timothy White's, Halfords and W. H. Smith and Sons.

All you have to do to enter for the contest is to get a single 6d. packet of Shard Blades, shave with a Shard, and write down your opinion of Shard Blades in not more than twelve words.

In the corner of this advertisement you will find an entry form. Fill that in boldly in ink. Give your name and address, and post with the front of your Shard packet, in sealed envelope (three-halfpenny stamp) to: Contest No. 4, Shard Blades, C. L. Shard and Co., Ltd., 212-214, Great Portland Street, London, W.1. Closing date is noon, August 2nd.

Send in as many entries as you like—further attempts may be made on plain paper—but each entry must be accompanied by the front of a Shard packet. The Contest will be judged by a Committee of Experts, and the prize will be awarded to the entry which is most apt and original in its reference to Shard Blades. The winner of Contest No. 4 will be notified by post and also announced in the "Daily Herald" on August 4th. The decision of the judges is final, and no correspondence can be entered into.

SHARD 6D for BLADES 4

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(*Write 12 words here.*)

I agree to accept the judges' decision as final and legally binding.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

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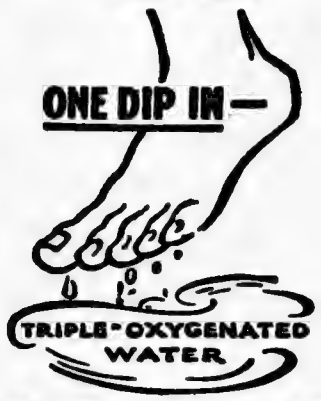
(*Write clearly in ink.*)

J.B.4.

WHEN FEET ACHE, BURN, SWELL OR PERSPIRE



THIS IS ALL YOU NEED

Packet Enlarged

NEW SIZE Increased 25% from 8½ to 10 ozs. PRICE Still only 1/6.

Dissolve a heaping tablespoonful of the new 'Reudel Bath Saltrates' in a bowl of water to make a highly medicated and triple-oxygenated foot-bath, reproducing the refreshing, cooling, soothing, healing and antiseptic qualities of famous Continental Spas. Also softens corns like water softens soap. If, after using the whole of the packet you are not absolutely satisfied and delighted with the effects, money refunded without question.

REUDEL Pronounced 'ROO-DEL' BATH SALTRATES

NOW TRIPLE-OXYGENATED

Of all chemists.

NEW TREATMENT KILLS STOMACH PAINS

AT last the whole medical profession is agreed on one subject. All over the country, in the clinics and all the leading hospitals, they are using what is known as the Maclean formula. It is curing all sorts of stomach troubles, even serious cases such as Gastric and Duodenal Ulcers, and now you can get the original Maclean Brand Stomach Powder at any chemist ready packed for your own use. Now if you suffer from acid stomach, wind, flatulence or pains after eating, you can get just the same relief as if you went to a great hospital.

Do not lose any time, try it to-day.

But be sure you get the genuine article under the exact name, Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. If your chemist is out of stock, send 2/- direct to Macleans, Ltd., Park Royal, London, N.W.10. Special Note: To get the genuine Maclean Brand Powder see the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" it is not sold loose and is only obtainable in 2/- and 1/3 cartons. The former containing double the quantity at 6d. less than double the price. Also family size 5/-, and packed in tablet form for convenience in travelling, etc.

HEADACHE

Gone "The terrible thumping pain I get," writes Mrs. Heath, of Salford, "is just like my head opening and closing. I believe it would drive me mad if I were not able to send it away in a few minutes with a Daisy." DAISY is the sure, safe and sound remedy. No opium, no dangerous drugs, non-depressing.

DAISY POWDERS 2d. each, 4 for 7½d.

DAISY brand TABLETS 6d. per Tube.

DAISY

Daisy Ltd., Horsforth, Leeds.

WONDERFUL PRAM VALUE

Coach-built Pram with Coil Springs, Ribbed Cushion Tyres, Detachable Hood, Mudguards, Chain Brake, and Storm Apron. State colour desired. Carriage Paid. 5/- NOW

TERMS: 5/- now, & 9 monthly payments of 5/- if satisfied. Fullest Approval. Catalogue of Prams and Folding Cars, all styles Post Free. Easy Terms.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

Our OTHER SECRET SERVICE

by Norman Hillson

THERE is a small room with a large window overlooking the Horse Guards Parade in Whitehall. It is plainly furnished—a large cupboard, a plain desk, a mantelshelf supporting five little pictures. That is all.

Yet that room is one of the most important in the Empire. It is the private bureau of the head of the Communications Department of the Foreign Office—the place where hundreds of messages arrive every day to be deciphered and decoded.

It knows more secrets than any other room in London; it is our other Secret Service.

Here coded messages are received from the ends of the earth. From this room the select corps of King's Messengers sets out on its journeys to the most distant capitals of Europe, from Lisbon to Moscow, and Helsingfors to Athens.

THE King's Messengers!

There is a magic in the words—the glamour of adventurous journeys made by men carrying secret despatches in what they familiarly call their "bags."

You may have seen them in Continental railway trains—unobtrusive but distinguished-looking men, occupying a single compartment in solitary state surrounded by piles of grey canvas sealed bags. Their mission is secret. They must not enter into conversation with strangers. They must travel alone.

The King's Messenger is in charge of the nation's diplomatic secrets. He travels everywhere. He is the trusted servant of the State. And for all that he gets a salary of £400 a year, rising to £650.

There are fifteen King's Messengers at the present moment. Six of them are travelling. The other nine employ their "leisure" decoding messages in the Communications Department until the day comes when they, too, must take ships and trains to distant parts.

Of those at present serving, three men are always travelling. Month after month they live in Continental expresses.

That may sound very exciting. It isn't, always. One of the terms of duty recently involved the "exciting" experience of travelling between Geneva and Paris on alternate nights for more than a month! The League of Nations has not made the lot of the King's Messenger any lighter.

Others operate on certain routes—London-Brussels-Berlin. At Berlin they hand over some of their "bags" to the "shuttlecock" messenger who works between Berlin, Warsaw and Moscow. The other messenger goes south to Vienna and Constantinople.

It is a more amusing adventure than the Paris-Geneva round trip—that is, if you have the necessary temperament to travel alone and you choose the right books.

What is the purpose of these messengers? They exist for the purpose of carrying despatches to the Embassies and Legations on the Continent. For reasons of economy they do not operate further. Despatches to America and the East are sent on ordinary British mail steamers, and the captain is held personally responsible. In the same way, if despatches are sent by air, the pilot is in sole charge of the bags.

No extravagance is allowed the King's Messenger. He has no fantastic expenses allowance. In fact, a hawk eye looks out for every extra sixpence.

It is merely his duty to carry despatch bags to foreign capitals to keep our Ambassadors informed as to what is going on.

WHEN the messenger arrives at a capital, it is his first duty to see the bags are put in a safe place—the Embassy or Legation. Then he goes to his hotel.

At Constantinople there is a room permanently reserved for these messengers at one of the clubs. Otherwise they usually find lodging at an hotel or the house of a friend

No one really knows how this corps came into existence, although there is evidence that there were a number of official couriers in the days of Henry VIII. To-day they carry a badge with the royal cipher, suspended from a blue ribbon. A greyhound hangs from this badge. The badge is changed with each monarch, but the greyhound remains the same.

The origin of the symbol is interesting. When Charles II. was in exile in Holland he desired to get into touch with his royalist friends in England. There were Dutch skippers willing—for a consideration—to put into Dover. But the problem was to establish contact with the exiled King's friends without exciting the suspicions of the Ironsides of Cromwell.

Charles II. hit on an idea. He had a porringer decorated with four silver greyhounds. He tore off the ornaments and gave two to his Dutch messengers and two to the royalist emissaries in England.

The greyhound has remained the symbol of the King's Messengers ever since. The badge and greyhound used to be worn round the neck whenever a messenger was travelling. But now the badge is carried in the pocket, and only worn openly on official occasions.

The messengers are recruited from former officers of the Army and Navy who must be over thirty and who can prove they were under fire in the war.

IF a man desires to join this small and select service he must pay the Civil Service Commissioner the sum of £4. If he fails to qualify the £4 is not returned.

He must then sit for an examination which consists of three sections: mathematics, English and French. If a man succeeds he must next pass before a selection committee.

That is the story of the King's Messenger. He has to work hard. His life has little of the glamour which one associates with his profession. His responsibilities are enormous. He never knows what earth-shaking secrets are contained in those canvas bags.

When there is no travelling to be done—and his programme is drawn up with almost mathematical precision, so that the messenger knows what he will be doing months ahead—he must return to the communications branch of the Foreign Office and spend long hours every day decoding messages from every corner of the earth.

SIR PARK GOFF, K.C., M.A., M.P., was an honorary King's Messenger during the first year of the war. You can see that he has that diplomatic look

SIDE SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Slips." When a "slip" is sent in by more than one reader, the prize is awarded to the first opened.

HENLEY AND SOUTH OXFORDSHIRE STANDARD:—"Councillor —— drew attention to the danger, and asked that suitable WARMING signs be provided."

SOUTH KIRKBY, ELMSALL AND HEMWORTH TIMES:—"An Indian emblem, bearing the names of the regiment's BOTTLE honours."

BURNHAM-ON-CROUCH ADVERTISER:—"A happy evening closed with the singing of the National Anthem and each child was given a BURN on leaving."

NOTTINGHAM EVENING POST:—"If you cannot sleep for itching, take a cool cr BOLD bath."

LEICESTER MERCURY:—"No doubt the difficulty of getting UNEMPLOYMENT had sent some people to crime."

DAILY MAIL:—"The great big sensitive fellow would send away his sparring partners UNEATEN."

WARRINGTON EXAMINER:—"TANKS were tendered to Mesdames —— for their excellent organising."

ILKESTON ADVERTISER:—"Are you willing to give him time until the house is completed?" "I am willing to give him a MOUTH."

BRADFORD TELEGRAPH AND ARGUS:—"The outlook for the WEEP-end remains the same."

ALL STAR DETECTIVE STORIES:—"I was doubled up, suffering acute PAINT."

WIMBLEDON BORO' NEWS:—"The bride wearing a brown and beige three-piece crepe de chine HAT."

NUNEATON OBSERVER:—"Because Peers wear their CORNETS only at coronations."

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER:—"He unscrewed the lid and held the tin out toward the inventor, who sniffed its COLOUR."

MOTOR TRANSPORT:—"The Division presents a plaque to encourage students. This year the PLAGUE was won by ——."

WIGAN OBSERVER:—"—— has figured in a plucky rescue of a child from DRAWING."

The Bo'suns pipe- is filled with

BONDMAN EMPIRE BLEND

IN AIRTIGHT TINS 10d PER OZ.

RICHARD LLOYD & SONS, CLERKENWELL RD., LONDON, E.C.1 (Branch of Cope Bros. & Co., Ltd.)

BONDMAN ORIGINAL BLEND Rich Dark Virginia 11½D. PER OZ.

TREMENDOUS SALE BARGAIN!

REDUCED from 15/11 to 10/11

HATRON'S PRINTED ART-SILK FROCK

SENT FOR 1/6 WITH ORDER

As a very Special Offer to lady readers of "John Bull" we have reduced the price of this becoming Frock from 15/11 to 10/11 **for one month only.** You should, therefore, seize this Bargain opportunity at once.

Outsize Frock of printed Art-Silk, made in the very latest style. The bodice has pleated jabot and hem-stitched suede Jap Silk vest. The skirt is fully flared, with godets and tucks.

We will send it to you, on "home approval," for a deposit of 1/6 only, and if you are not entirely satisfied you may return it and your Deposit will be immediately refunded.

Why not send Coupon NOW and save money?

LENGTHS: 44, 46, 48 and 50 inches.
HIPS: 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, and 52 inches.
COLOURS: Ground Shades of Fawn, Saxe, Almond Green, Cedar Brown and Black.

D.R. 65 BARGAIN COUPON.

Please send me, on approval, Frock D.R.65, at Special Sale Price of **10/11.**

Length..... **Hips**.....

Colour.....

I enclose **1/6** deposit, together with **6d.** for postage, and will pay balance of price either in one sum or by monthly instalments of **2/6** or more. Enclose Coupon with name and full address and Postal Order crossed thus / / .

Overseas and Irish Free State full cash only.

John Bull, 23/7/32. No. 509.

Post your order at once to AMBROSE WILSON, LTD.
509, Ambrose House, 60, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.1.

WONDERFUL OPENING FOR MEN in Regular Employment!

Turn your spare time into cash. Make your homes happy. Secure your future. Double your weekly wages. Give your children a good start. Serve your friends with our dependable **Clothing, Drapery, Footwear, Cycles, Jewellery, etc.** Customers don't have to wait their turn in Club, but goods sent to anyone as soon as you send orders. **Your commission paid at once as soon as you start.** No waiting until customers have settled account. **£250,000** stock for you to select from. The whole thing is easy! Write for full particulars, and we will tell you how to start.
JOHN BLANFORD, LTD. (Dept. A/J.B. 8), Empire House, Craven Street, City Road, N.1.

SKIN DISEASES

Cured in a Night

WE HAVE A ROOM FULL OF TESTIMONIALS.

Many may promise a wonderful cure but there is nothing like Zee-Kol. Beware of imitations.

ECZEMA.

"I suffered from Eczema all over my face and body. I applied Zee-Kol and in three days the Eczema had gone."

BURNS.

Zee-Kol takes all pain away. New skin forms in a few days.

VARICOSE AND OTHER ULCERS.

"For years I could not walk with Ulcerated Leg. Zee-Kol cured it in a week."

BOILS, ETC.

Boils cannot resist the wonderful healing properties of Zee-Kol, and in two days they disappear.

ABSCESSES.

Zee-Kol instantly draws out all inflammation and the abscess is healed in twenty-four hours.

PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS.

"I always had Blackheads and Pimples. Zee-Kol cured them in a night—they vanished."

ERYSIPELAS.

This alarming Skin affection will disappear in a few days with Zee-Kol applied night and morning. Its effect is marvellous.

LUMBAGO, STIFF JOINTS, ETC.

Splendid for Stiff Joints rubbed in gently by the fire, and for Rheumatism.

Zee-Kol is, without doubt, the most wonderful skin remedy of all time. The cruellest Skin Diseases, such as Ulcers, Eczema, Abscesses, Eryzipelas, etc., are rapidly and completely banished, and Pimples, Blackheads, Boils, Rashes, etc., disappear like magic. Never was known any remedy like Zee-Kol. Where it touches, the skin takes on a finer and healthier glow. It destroys everything unhealthy to the skin. No skin disease can resist it. Forget it being a Patent Medicine. This is the only way we have of letting the world know of Zee-Kol's marvellous power of skin healing. We are supplying the big London Skin Hospitals, for there is nothing in the world to compare with Zee-Kol. Do not hesitate. Go straight to your chemist and get a box of Zee-Kol and rest absolutely assured that your skin trouble will speedily be banished. Zee-Kol cures in record time Eczema, all kinds of Ulcers, Haemorrhoids, Chilblains, Bad Legs, Severe Burns, etc.

ZEE-KOL

4 FREE GIFTS COUPON

For sample of ZEE-KOL Ointment and Pills send 2d. stamp for postage. If sample of ZEE-KOL Medicated Soap and Doge Face Cream are also desired, send 4d. for postage and packing. Write to the **Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. Z.K. 18), 40, Blenheim Road, London, N.19.** Of all chemists: Zee-Kol Ointment at 1/3 or a large tin 3/-.

THE NEW MARVELLOUS COMPLEXION RESTORER

HOWEVER sallow or patchy your complexion may be, we guarantee to make it perfect with Doge Cream. Doge Cream is absolutely a complete restorer. It works miracles on the skin, and is the most ideal complexion cream on the market.

It is the most remarkable and the most perfect cream that has ever been blended into a face cream. It contains Almond Oil, and it does not grow hair. It preserves the skin and takes away all wrinkles, and leaves the skin smooth as a child's. It was taken from an old Venetian recipe.

We guarantee that there is not another cream in the world to compare with Doge Cream. It will make the worst complexion perfect. Send for a sample and see its marvellous results.

Doge Cream is not a vanishing cream, vanishing creams only dry up the skin, but Doge Cream keeps the skin supple, firm and youthful. When thinking of other face creams remember that Doge Cream is not like any of these. Try it and you will never go back to any other face cream you have ever used.

LADY HAMILTON. *Drawn by Tremator.*

"I do believe, My Lady, your complexion grows more beautiful every day. It must be the Almond Oil in that Venetian Cream you have been using the last week. Your skin has the glow of youth, and is as a young girl's. Why, those little wrinkles you had round your eyes have completely disappeared."

"I believe you are right, but fie! child! I wonder if Admiral Nelson will think so this evening. He is ever a flatterer."

DOGE CREAM

Per Pot - - 1/-
Large Pot - 2/-
Large Tube 9d.

Obtainable from all Chemists & Stores

Almond Oil is used in Doge Cream.

SEND THIS COUPON TO-DAY!
For Free Sample Tube of DOGE CREAM.

Cut out this coupon, attach it to a piece of paper on which your name and address are written plainly and send with a 2d. stamp to the **Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. De.6), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19.**

DRINK HOT WATER TO KEEP FIT.

Health experts are constantly drawing attention to the fact that much illness is due to the insufficient consumption of liquids, especially water. To keep fit everybody should drink, each morning before breakfast, a glass of hot water, but if sufferers from rheumatism, indigestion, sluggish liver and constipation will add a teaspoonful of 'Limestone' Phosphate they will not only flush the whole of the alimentary canal, but will keep down uric acid and clear away from the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels the indigestible waste matter, sour bile, acidity and poisonous toxins that cause ill-health and disease. All who wake with dull, aching head, have furred tongue or unpleasant taste, as well as those suffering from rheumatism, indigestion or constipation should get some 'Limestone' Phosphate from their chemist. A quarter-pound jar costs only two shillings, and if a teaspoonful is taken in a morning glass of hot water vigorous health will be quickly regained and maintained.

ASTHMA

Don't endure it longer. Stop the cruel spasms at once—with RAZ-MAH, the remarkable Capsules remedy for Asthma and Acute Bronchitis. RAZ-MAH gives safe, speedy relief. Breaks up those terrible strangling mucus gatherings. No sprays, snuff, smokes. No harmful or habit-forming drugs. Guaranteed relief or money refunded on two 3/- boxes or one 5/- box. Stocked by Boots, Timothy Whites, and all Chemists and Stores—3/- and 5/- the box. **Free trial** sent on request to Gilmour Templeton Co., Ltd., Dept. D.21, 80, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1.

FREE CASH PRIZES.

763 prizes (£50 first, hundreds of other cash prizes and also 200 cameras) are offered by the proprietors of "DIPLOMA" CHEESE for the best last line to the Limerick appearing in the advt. on page 35. Read the conditions carefully and send in your Entry for this Simple Competition NOW! Closing date, Friday, July 29th, 1932.

Back Your Fancy now with

BET SAFELY WITH THE "BIG TWO" — THE BIG TWO — BET PRIVATELY WITH THE "BIG TWO"

The "BIG TWO" for the

STEWARDS' CUP

At GLORIOUS GOODWOOD

ANTE-POST Commissions received at long odds before the day of the race will be on at full market price quoted at the time of posting, in accordance with rules. No limit on single events.

WINNINGS BY RETURN — Every Commission acknowledged.

LETTER COMMISSIONS

accepted from 1/- to any amount in accordance with rules.

ESTABLISHED OVER 35 YEARS.

WRITE DIRECT

NO AGENTS.

STARTING PRICE If your Commission bears a postal time stamp not later than the set time of the race—any race—you will be on at full Starting Price.

OUR BOOK OF RULES WILL BE SENT POST FREE ON APPLICATION.

DAVID COPE

& ALFRED H. MAURICE, LTD.,

227, BATH STREET, GLASGOW, C.2

The STRANGER I'd like to meet again

I WAS waiting on a railway platform with my little son and daughter. We had spent a happy day at my old home, and the children were in high spirits.

A woman, after watching them, approached me and asked, "Are they your own kiddies?" "Yes," I replied. "You lucky woman," she said.

Often since, when the children have worried me, I have remembered her words and curbed my impatience.

I should like to meet that stranger again to thank her for making me realise what priceless treasures I possess in my kiddies.—*D. S., Bromley.*

Not Divided

The man who conveyed home in his car a man who complained of feeling unwell.

Slipping away without waiting for thanks, little did he dream that his passenger was a dying man, and who, but for that act of kindness, would have died in the street instead of in the arms of his wife.

How I'd like to thank him for the comfort the memory of those precious minutes brings, which but for him would have been denied me. — *"Grateful Widow," Yorks.*

Danger Ahead

A boy of sixteen, on holiday at Weymouth, entered a public-house, and for the first time had "a drop too much."

A man entered, saw the boy's condition, and persuaded him to go to a quiet hotel near by. There, after a soda, a wash and a rest, the effects of drink lessened, and then came some words of kindly advice.

The boy was myself. I have never drunk to excess since that day; but have often wished to meet again and thank the stranger who proved so good a friend.—*H. C., Bristol.*

Rejected

A few years ago I was instrumental in saving the life of a total stranger. At the time I was in fairly affluent circumstances, and when he suggested compensation, I waived aside the offer.

"Well," he said, "one day you may need assistance, and if you call at this address I shall be pleased to help you." He handed me his card, which I lost.

To-day I am in financial straits, and would be only too pleased to meet him again.—*W. B., Warwick.*

Only a Tramp

I reached home one evening after walking through drenching rain, and as I turned in at the gate I bumped into someone coming from the house.

I saw that it was a tramp, ragged and soaking wet. He murmured an apology; I cursed him and went in.

My wife was nursing our child and was sobbing over her. By their side was a little bundle of sodden clothes. A horrible fear gripped me, for the river ran close by.

But my wife's tears were tears of heartfelt gratitude and relief. The tramp had saved my kiddie from drowning. — *"Remorse," Shrewsbury.*

Worth While

My fiancée and I, carried twenty miles away from home by entering the wrong train, found we could not get back that night.

A couple offered us shelter, and I readily accepted, as I was carrying a portmanteau and my girl suddenly fainted.

In reply to my letter a week later, the money I sent was returned and these few words added: "We have but done one small kindness to you that made life seem worth while."

I was touched by their simplicity, and hope God will return their kindness a thousandfold.—*E. F., Lancs.*

Strengthened Faith

Last summer, in order to strengthen me for an impending operation, my husband rented a seaside bungalow.

The crisis came during his absence. Stricken down in agony, I was dimly aware, before losing consciousness, of a face regarding me sympathetically.

Awaking in a hospital ward after an operation, I was informed I had been taken there at midnight by a man, who, passing in his car, heard my moans.

I wish I knew this stranger whose promptness saved my life. His Christian act has strengthened my faith in human charity.—*O. M., Dublin.*

"It was a tramp, ragged and soaking wet . . ."

Field P.O.

Stationed on the Firth of Forth, we were suddenly ordered to France, and as the train rushed on, my thoughts were with my wife, who was very nervous.

I wrote on a postcard a message of love, hope and encouragement. In the early morning we passed a field where a man was bringing in cattle. I threw out the postcard and on we sped.

He stamped and posted it, and it cheered up my wife at a most trying time. I have wished I could meet that stranger and thank him for his good action.—*J. McAndrew, Leith.*

Ambition

I met him ten years ago — an undersized, insignificant boy, asking me to direct him to some small solicitor's office.

"My first job," he confided, and I remember the enthusiasm and excitement on his face. "It's to write envelopes, but I'm going to work hard, and be a lawyer and defend people."

Little man, I'd like to meet you again to know how long that enthusiasm lasted, and whether you emerged triumphant or whether you forgot your ambition, as I did, and are still a city clerk—*M. H., London, N.*

Needless Fear

On leaving the train in New York, a fellow-passenger accosted me with, "Are you English?" Replying "Yes," he said, "So am I." Discovering I was a stranger to New York, he offered to see me to the address I had.

Before I realised it, he had hailed a taxi, and was in beside me. I suddenly got panic-struck, thinking of the dreadful things that happen to girls when alone. I hardly spoke.

He paid the fare, ascertained I was safe, and disappeared. I would like to meet him to thank him and apologise for my rudeness.—*A. M. S., Blackwood.*

* * *

My husband who went off three years ago and left me with three children. I would like to see him to let him know that I still love him, and want him to come back.—*D. A. S., Dorset.*

I'd like to welcome to our house the little stranger that came to us and stayed but two brief days.—*"Childless," Harrow.*

He wore a red sash, and said, "Come and see the world, my lad. Good food, good pay, good clothes." I had seven years to reflect on why I should like to meet him again.—*H. Wilson, Middlesex.*

The benevolent-looking woman who helped me to a surgery after I had been knocked down by a motor-car. She helped herself to my purse, containing a month's salary and my savings for a holiday.—*"Diddled," London, N.*

The auburn-haired girl, who, twenty-three years ago, left in my care a little baby boy while she went for a cup of tea.—*"Sunny Jane," Arnside.*

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach us by first post on Tuesday, July 26.

When I Was Ashamed of My Sex

Race with "Silver Ring"

A "LEGER" Possible

TWO seasons ago Singapore was a ready winner of the St. Leger. His starting-price was 4 to 1, but several JOHN BULL readers with long memories recollect that he was put up in these notes when on the 40 to 1 mark and was my black-lettered selection weeks prior to the race.

They want another Singapore. I am afraid, however, that there is no 40 to 1 shot whose claims I can advocate.

Orwell has been backed in some quarters at "eights." At the moment of writing he figures at 10 to 1. The Manton colt had last week his first decent gallop since the Derby, when he went a mile with Shell Transport. He will not carry my money.

April the Fifth figures at 3 to 1, odds which I consider somewhat cramped when one considers that anything can happen in training between now and September.

Miracle was selected after the Derby as the one likely to make most improvement, but I see no reason why Dastur should not again finish in front of him. If I were having a wager at the moment I should pass over the colts and go for

UDAIPUR.

The filly was not quite fit when winning the Oaks, and yet she equalled the time of April the Fifth and was one-fifth of a second behind Salmon Leap's Coronation Cup effort.

I know that Sir Henry Greer, who manages the stud where Udaipur was foaled, expects her to win, and he is an excellent judge.

Note Fonab for the Duchess of York Plate at Hurst Park this week-end. For the Saturday "double" I suggest Benskin and Cardiff.

Those who are entering competitions in connection with the Stewards' Cup should note the information in the *Sporting Life Weekly Edition*. It will prove invaluable.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, July 21, to Wednesday, July 27.

B V D P M X Z R F 98 97 Y H S C O
93 94 95 U I E 96 L T W N G J K A Q

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below.

KUX97KXL would read SPENSER.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. IXR2M97 would read MELLIN.

WHEN YOU BUY FOX'S GLACIER MINTS you buy a sweet that is as pure and wholesome as it is delicious and refreshing.

Because we feel responsible for every Fox's Glacier Mint made, the name FOX is stamped on the bottom.

IT IS WISE SPENDING TO BUY

FOX'S GLACIER MINTS

THE FINEST PEPPERMINT IN THE WORLD

No More Disturbed Nights.

Bladder irritation is more troublesome when it disturbs one's sleep. You need the mild, soothing antiseptic provided in Shadforth's "Bladder comfort" No. 285. It acts like a charm. It is prescribed for chill on bladder and kidneys, burning, cystitis, prostatitis, leg pains, rheumatism, sciatica, etc. Don't worry yourself into a nervous wreck. Get immediate relief and comfort with the proved remedy: Shadforth Prescription No. 285. Prices: 2/6 (50), 4/6 (100), 13/- (300 pills).

Privately packed and post free at these prices from

Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd.

Qualified Dispensing Chemists,

(Dept. J.B. 25) 9, King William St., London Bridge, E.C.4

Branches: 168, High Street, Walthamstow, E.17; 409, Barking Road, East Ham, E.6; 18, Durban Road, West Ham, E.15; 6, Ashton Parade, Chadwell Heath; 2, Heath Park Parade, Gidea Park; 44, London Road, Romford; 1248, Green Lane, Becontree Heath; and 63, Grove Road, Bow, E.3.

Boots, Taylors, and all live chemists hold stock, or gladly obtain to order at a day's notice.

HAVE YOU TAKEN A RISK?

If so, go at once to a doctor, or to one of the free treatment centres for advice. Gonorrhoea usually appears within three days and Syphilis within a month, and the earlier treatment is commenced the quicker the disease is cured.

False shame is sheer folly. The real shame is to remain uncured and thus to risk passing on the disease to an innocent person.

Full information free (in plain cover) may be obtained by writing to the Medical Secretary, British Social Hygiene Council, Carteret Street, Westminster, S.W.1 (St. James's Park Station).

Six useful booklets for Parents, 1/4 the set. Four useful booklets for Girls, 8d. the set. Six useful booklets for Young Men, 1/3 the set. All in plain cover. Postage paid in the United Kingdom.

Mention "John Bull" when writing.

Dramatic Personal Stories of NEW-FOUND HEALTH

Tribute upon Tribute—Praise upon Praise

FOR

Dr. Cassell Brand Tablets

How Journalist Keeps In GOOD HEALTH

'I have never found anything to keep me in perfect trim so well as that remarkable tonic Dr. Cassell Tablets,' says Mr. Lawrence Bloom, the journalist and playwright. **'Whenever I feel "seedy" or depressed—if ever I have a touch of nerves or an ache or pain I just take one or two Dr. Cassell Tablets and—eureka!—the trouble disappears.'**

100% FITNESS FEELING

'When I feel in the least overtired, depressed, headachy or exhausted I just take Dr. Cassell Tablets,' says Mr. Tatchell. **'They lift you right out of the slough of despondency and give you that 100% Fitness Feeling. I tell all my friends, if you sleep badly, find nerves jumpy, or are just fagged out, get a supply of Dr. Cassell Tablets.'**

NERVOUS BREAKDOWN

'I could not eat or sleep and had to stop absolutely everything' said Miss Berriffe. **'Then I took Dr. Cassell Tablets. I bless the day I did. I very quickly felt a new woman and began to sleep soundly. My terrible headaches disappeared like magic and I found I could work all hours of the day and night!'**

RENEWED MY LIFE!

'Having had a very serious illness, I became very weak and delicate,' said Mrs. Harris **'I was thin and pale and my nerves were in a dreadful state. Then I took Dr. Cassell Tablets—they renewed my life! I am no longer an invalid and Dr. Cassell Tablets alone are responsible for my new lease of life and health.'**

NERVOUS DEPRESSION

'I have found Dr. Cassell Tablets really remarkable for restoring vitality and energy,' says Mr. Desmond Jeans, the film Star. **'For a long time I was under a cloud of Nervous Depression but thanks to Dr. Cassell Tablets all this has been removed. In my opinion these wonderful Tablets are second to none as a tonic and reviver of jaded nerves.'**

WEAKNESS & DEBILITY

'Dr. Cassell Tablets are the Best Tonic in the World, they restored my health so I know!' said Mr. Gazzard. **'I suffered Weakness and Debility. Then I began to have terrible Neuritis Pains. I tried Dr. Cassell Tablets and in a couple of days I began to feel better. The Weakness left me—the pains vanished and now my health is splendid.'**

PAIN & DEPRESSION

'I had much pain and was overcome by a terrible depression. I could not eat,' says Mrs. Upward, the breeder of Pekinese. **'Then I took Dr. Cassell Tablets. I lost all the "pain" lines from my face—my appetite improved and everyone remarked on my healthy appearance. Dr. Cassell Tablets have altered my whole outlook.'**

If You Suffer From—

Nerves, Anæmia, Pains, Indigestion, Sleeplessness, Headaches, Debility, etc.

Secure from your Chemist a 1/3 Bottle at once. If you are not entirely satisfied with your improved health this amount will be instantly refunded by the Veno Drug Co. (1925) Ltd., Manchester, on receipt of empty carton.

All Chemists 1/3 & 3/-

Dr. Cassell Brand Tablets

MORE BIG HOLIDAY PRIZES for solving "John Bull's" Xword

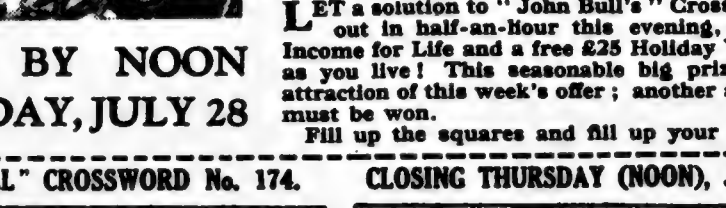
FINE 2-IN-1 FIRST PRIZE

25/- EVERY WEEK FOR LIFE

and

£25 EVERY AUGUST FOR LIFE

OR ONE LUMP SUM OF £500 *Cash*



£100 Increased HOLIDAY AWARD for Runners-up

£100 BONUS —to be shared by runners-up who submit TWO sixpenny COUPONS in same envelope.

"John Bull" will pay a Life Pension of 25s. a week and a £25 Holiday Cheque yearly (or £500 Cash) for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £100 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only or only one error more than the winning solution. An extra Holiday Bonus of £100 will be divided between Runners-up from whom we have received two sixpenny coupons in same envelope. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, August 4, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, August 11.

ENTER BY NOON THURSDAY, JULY 28

LET a solution to "John Bull's" Crossword, worked out in half-an-Hour this evening, bring you an Income for Life and a free £25 Holiday Yearly as long as you live! This seasonable big prize is only one attraction of this week's offer; another £200 cash also must be won.

Fill up the squares and fill up your purse!

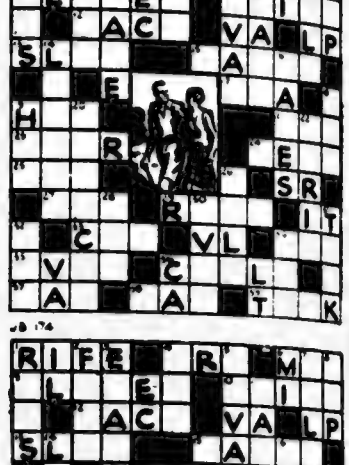
RECORD LIFE PENSION X-WORD. As announced, the Solution and Winners in Crossword Contest No. 172 will appear together in next week's issue, on sale Thursday, July 28.

HELPFUL NEW FEATURE

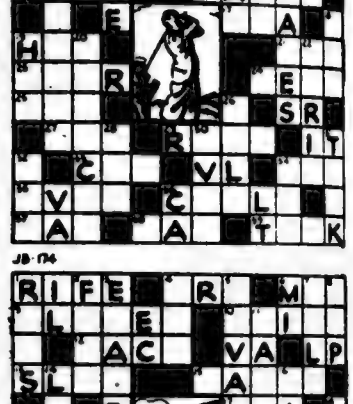
We provide below four miniature reproductions of this week's Puzzle so that you can easily keep copies of your Solutions.

Each entrant is allowed two sixpenny entries and by sending two you may share an extra £100 Bonus.

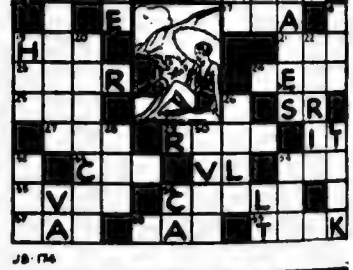
KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW



JB 174



JB 174



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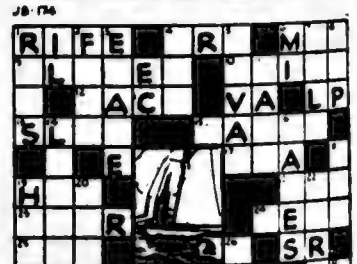
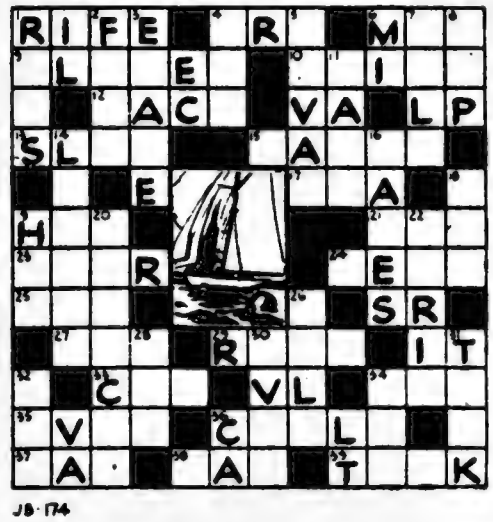


JB 174

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 174. CLOSING THURSDAY (NOON), JULY 28.

JB 174



JB 174

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. No.....

P.O. for sixpence must be enclosed to cover two squares and Shilling P.O. to cover Four Squares. Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 174. CLOSING THURSDAY (NOON), JULY 28.

JB 174

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P.O. for sixpence must be enclosed to cover two squares and Shilling P.O. to cover Four Squares. Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

CLUES ACROSS.

1. Abundant.
4. Large tea-pot.
6. Often made useless by war.
9. Fruit providing oil.
10. Is often a prisoner's defence.
12. She often has a little on.
13. Wheel-less vehicle used in winter.
15. Don't be this when annoyed.
17. Meadow.
19. Sandwich often contains.
21. Found in a pod.
23. Declare to be true.
24. Prices are, in sale catalogue.
25. Twice five.
27. Used for cutting wood.
29. Fairy story is, to children.
33. Annoys you, if it's neighbour's.
34. Another form of "yes."
35. Six balls at cricket.
36. Contraction of violoncello.
37. Dentist gives you this.
38. Wise motorist keeps clear of.
39. Its sharp point may injure you.

CLUES DOWN.

1. Are sometimes used to catch fish.
2. May make metal hot.
3. Dodge.
4. Put to some purpose.
5. Belonging to the Navy.
7. Skilfully.
8. Makes one look blue.
11. Behind time.
14. Often seen on picnic table.
16. Are threaded into garments.
18. Seen when sun's scorching.
19. Is worn on the head.
20. Threats.
22. Weird.
26. What clouds often produce.
28. Armed conflict.
30. Always.
31. Is often found dry.
32. Its bark tells you something about it.
34. Personal pronoun.

NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE.—A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize-winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

ADDRESS ENTRY:
JOHN BULL CROSSWORD No. 174,
57, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.)

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1. Complete Puzzle in **ordinary ink**, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE—for Four Squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name, address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post as directed, to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, July 28th.
2. No competitor may submit more than two Double Entry Forms (four squares). Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.
3. Winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, August 11th, 1932. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, August 23rd, 1932, in accordance with directions given with result weekly. Any such scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £100 to be divided between the Runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the Clues given.
4. In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one share of it. Should First Prize be shared, £500 cash will be paid instead of the two-in-one award.
5. Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.
6. Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.
7. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

ENTRY FEE:—With two squares send P.O. for SIXPENCE. With four squares send P.O. for ONE SHILLING (See Rule 1.)

If entering two double Entry Forms, cut them out separately—add name and address to each.

R.M. (Bath).—"There's no falling off in hiking this summer." Not if you hang on tight!

IF you are troubled by any matter you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. JOHN BULL does the rest. Write to-day!

The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are purely for your entertainment.

The Editor Laughs Last

S. W. (Farnworth).—"I have a charming wife." Who is she charming now?

C P. (Oxford).—"I have just written three letters to my rich aunt." S.O.S.?

S. A. (Canvey).—"How can I get more eggs from my hens?" Get more hens.

P. M. (Aldgate).—"The London business girl is anxious to get on." And off.

L. L. (Tottenham).—"Should a young man get married or not?" Knot.

S. T. (Tonbridge).—"Can rheumatism be cured?" It's a stiff job.

P. M (Esher).—"I and my sons are all good cricketers." Runs in the family.

A. M (Maidenhead).—"I am mad about punting." Up the pole?

W. W. (Carnforth).—"Who are the worst sufferers from sore-throats?" Giraffes.

G. B. (Chelsea).—"My friends advised me to send the enclosed poetry to you." We disown your friends.

UNEMPLOYED (Dalston). — "Unfortunately one of my references is ink-stained." A blot on your character.

R. N. (Staines).—"What is luck?" When you buy a gramophone record and find that the tune on the other side is one you want too.

F. M. (York).—"What do you drink with your dinner?" Liquid.

IVY (Cirencester).—"I walk so quietly that people always insist I am creeping." Well, it suits your name.

TOM (Reading).—"As I donned my wedding suit, a female thrush sang happily outside my window." Why not? You weren't marrying her.

D. R. (Carlisle).—"Why don't you publish some of my articles? All my friends think I write very well." We do not want to disillusion them.

DOCTOR (London).—"Everybody should make a point of retiring between nine and ten." Most people find it difficult enough between sixty and seventy.

T. M. (Hampstead).—"I made up my mind last year not to appear again on the courts at Wimbledon." Did you quarrel with the other ball boys?

F. M. (Goole).—"Women take a lot of unnecessary luggage with them when they go for their summer holidays." Yes, even sunshades are sometimes included.

S. B. (Frinton).—"A human toe was washed up on the beach near our hut last week." Someone must have lost his bait while fishing for crabs.

T. N. (Chelsea).—"The very arched eyebrows are no longer fashionable." George Robey doesn't care.

J. W. (Wimbledon).—"Who is it who bears the white man's burden?" The caddie, usually.

G. M. B. (Burnley).—"Many of London's theatres are cold and draughty." But the plays often have warm passages.

P. N. (Maida Vale).—"The London barber is a fine fellow." We always take off our hat to him.

F. J. (Gosport).—"The modern girl can talk on any subject." Very often she doesn't even need a subject.

A. M. (Ilford).—"My girl friend's father asked me what I wanted with his daughter." Did you state a good sum?

C. N. (Bury).—"My brother was a ne'er-do-well until he attended a spiritualists' meeting." From bad to medium?

R. F. (Barmouth).—"There are always Englishmen to be found in the four corners of the earth." And in the four corners of our railway carriage.

F. M. (Repton).—"Do you have a fire in your office at this time of the year?" No, but don't worry. We always use a bigger w.p.b. in the summer.

O. M. (Reading).—"A cold bath is the best way to start the day." Then go down to breakfast and have another hearty splash in your grapefruit.

D. M. (Goole).—"I am an amateur poet, and I am coming to London soon to bring you verses by the yard." Then you will go out by the foot.

P. M. (Yarmouth).—"It fills me with dismay to see courting couples lying about on the beach in broad daylight." How long have you been a deck-chair proprietor?

T. M. (Grendon).—"Even a small spark will cause dry grass to blaze furiously." Then we must use some of it instead of wick in our new patent lighter.

G. S. F. (Southampton).—"The recent rains have done wonders in my little half-acre." At Long Acre, too, things are growing wonderfully. Look at that *Bullets* First on page 39—it's shot up to £800 and a £10 Holiday Cheque yearly for life!

T. C. (Crouch End).—"A snake at the London Zoo has a glass eye." Some green lizards wearing horn-rimmed glasses were observed by a visitor, who, however, has since signed the pledge.

H. L. (New York).—"Unemployment in the U.S. has increased to 7,950,000." Incredible as it may seem, there are apparently 7,950,000 people in the U.S. who do not write popular songs.

T. R. (Maidenhead).—"A rate-collector was recently assaulted near Maidenhead." We understand that the occupant of a flooded bungalow became exasperated when the official rowed up his garden path to collect the water rate.

MUSIC PUBLISHER (London, E.C.).—"After hearing a dance tune over the wireless many people would like to get hold of the gramophone records and play them over." Others would just like to get hold of the gramophone records.

B. G. (Hornsey).—"It is said that one London taxi-driver can speak all European languages." It must be something of a shock for a parsimonious visitor from Prague to be asked "Wot's this?" in sarcastic Czecho-Slovakian.

F. T. (Chester).—"A tailor says that men are bashful about wearing suits with bold coloured patterns." A man who recently sat on a newly-painted park seat became so shy of the public notice taken of his gay green stripes that he went home in a taxi.

Many replies unavoidably held over.

T. M (Taunton).—"I could hear my wife sobbing at the other end of the trans-Atlantic 'phone." A far cry.

R. M. (Truro).—"The art of letter-writing should be taught at school." Yes, but surely you are too old to attend now?

B. J. (Harrow).—"How can you get eggs for your family if you're not allowed to keep hens?" We don't know, unless you keep crocodiles or ducks.

P. M. (Middlesbrough).—"American slang should disappear from our language." And how?

B. R. B. (Ely).—"There's nothing wrong with the rising generation." Apart from the difficulty of getting it to rise in time for breakfast.

M. H. (Hastings).—"The tongue often reveals the secrets of its owner's character." And still more often the secrets of its owner's neighbour's character.

G. P. (Huntingdon).—"I have noticed that tips are forbidden in a large number of restaurants these days." So were apples in the Garden of Eden.

MOTORIST (Chelsea).—"What is the best thing to do when you find that one of the cylinders of your car is missing?" Have a good look for the thing.

M. J. (Bolton).—"A certain boxer always listens to a bagpipes selection before going into the ring." And then imagines that his opponent was the man who played it?

ADAMSON: *Booby-Trap!*

EVA (Hove).—"My new bathing costume is made of black and yellow striped silk and has a towel to match." What is the towel for?

T. W. (Totnes).—"Can you name any one of England's famous figures who was not wayward as a boy?" Queen Elizabeth.

G. M. (Chelmsford).—"I shall be so excited if you print this that I shall probably stand on my head for joy." Then we must answer like this just in case you do.

B. R. (Canterbury).—"An Essex man can hold 54 golf balls in his two hands." With such extensive palms he should be a welcome guest at the B.B.C. on vaudeville nights to lead the applause.

This is Free if troubled with

Hæmorrhoids

1 Internal 4 Soreness
2 External 5 Weakness
3 Bleeding 6 Irritation

MAN ZAN

BRAND PILE REMEDY

ends these troubles—
This Free Gift Proves it

If you are one of the thousands who suffer the down-dragging pain, the misery caused by pile trouble, here and now start to become pain free and happy.

Man Zan Brand Pile Remedy is a blend of soothing, antiseptic balms that disperse the cause of the trouble. With the special applicator nozzle Man Zan Brand Pile Remedy is clean and simple to use.

From the very first moment you will find irritation and soreness disappear. You are able to move or sit in comfort.

At our expense let us prove how wonderful Man Zan Brand Pile Remedy is. Post the coupon below now, putting down the number of the complaint (from list above) in which you are specially interested, and get rid of your nerve-destroying, weakening and dangerous ailment.

Man Zan Brand Pile Remedy is sold by chemists everywhere, in tubes with special applicator, price 3/-, or can be obtained direct from proprietors (address below) in plain wrapper, sent post free. JB

..... FREE! YES, FREE! .....

To E. C. De WITT & Co. Ltd.,
(Dept. "R11), Croydon, Surrey.

Please send me, without obligation, in plain wrapper, a Free Sample of Man Zan Brand Pile Remedy.

Name.....

I want this sample for Nos.....
.....
.....

Address .....
.....
.....

Tuck in envelope flap. Use ½d. stamp.

YOU CAN CONQUER INDIGESTION

★*Read this letter from a woman of 60!*

"After suffering MANY years from Indigestion, Flatulence, Sleepless Nights, trying numerous cures, afraid to eat various foods, I felt relief after first dose of Birley's. I continued as directed and can only say life seems once more worth living." (Mrs.) E. Penny, 169, Dames Road, Forest Gate, E.7.

Birley's Antacid Powder rapidly penetrates into every part of the stomach and bowels, instantly destroys all the excess acid — the CAUSE of pain, wind - distention and discomfort after meals. Birley's is guaranteed TASTELESS and HARMLESS and can be taken at any time and at any age.

BIRLEY'S

ANTACID POWDER

At all Chemists, including all branches of Boots, Taylor's, Timothy White's, etc. If your Chemist is out of stock, we will gladly supply direct, Post Paid, and bear the charge of Postal Order and Postage of your letter. Send therefore, only 1/- for the 1/3 size, 2/9 for the 2/-, and 4/9 for the 5/-.

BIRLEY'S ANTACID LIMITED,
16, Northdown Street, King's Cross, London, N.1.

BALDNESS, ALOPECIA GREYNESS

E.16 324

"None of your clients could be more thankful than I am for the recovery of my hair, particularly when so many previous treatments had failed."
Case E. 16,324.

A POSTCARD BRINGS VALUABLE BOOK FREE.

Don't waste money experimenting.

Learn how much hair and colour can be permanently RESTORED, SAVED and IMPROVED by skilled Krysal treatment and the Expert Advice of

F. W. BROMLEY, M.R.I.S., M.C.R.S.
Specialist on Hair Growth and Scalp Diseases.
12, KING STREET, MANCHESTER.

INDIGESTION
YIELDS TO
CICFA
BECAUSE

(1) it supplies the right ferments
(2) at the right time
(3) in the right place

IT is a popular fallacy that digestion takes place only in the Stomach. Actually, digestion **begins** in the mouth with the action of the saliva on the food; it is **continued** in the Stomach by the action of the digestive juices, and **completed** in the Bowel. Albuminous foods, such as meat, eggs, etc., are digested in the Stomach. Starchy foods, such as bread, potatoes, beans, bananas, etc., are digested in the Bowel.

causing Constipation, with its attendant misery and embarrassment. The Bile Circulation is affected. Fermentation continues and Acids and impurities find their way to the liver. **Thus the "liverish" symptoms complained of are really caused by Bowel Indigestion.** The blood becomes impure, affecting the joints and deep muscles, causing Rheumatism, Lumbago and Sciatica.

your trouble is Stomach Indigestion, and the symptoms are :—

GASES IN STOMACH with eructations.
Sharp Neuralgic HEADACHES.
ACID in Stomach with HEARTBURN.
TONGUE coated white all over.
COMPLEXION blotchy, with redness of nose.
EATING disliked. Some Nausea.
PAINS darting through Chest, Burning Spot behind left Shoulder Blade.

It is obvious that incomplete digestion at any stage must upset digestion further down the tract.

Failure in the supply of digestive juices in the Stomach causes Acidity and distressing fermentation. The fermenting food, entering the lower part of the Alimentary Tract, makes trouble there. As the food is passed along it is formed into little hard, dry masses, or "starch balls," which block the passage,

it is Bowel Indigestion, and the symptoms are :—

GASES IN BOWEL or Flatulence.
Dull, Heavy HEADACHES.
ACIDITY causing Gout and Rheumatism.
TONGUE coated yellow at back.
COMPLEXION muddy or pasty.
EATING disliked or loathed, Biliousness, and bad taste in mouth.
PAINS in Bowel, Griping and CONSTIPATION.

CICFA restores digestion throughout the entire Alimentary Tract (i.e. the whole of the digestive system) **BECAUSE IT SUPPLIES THE NECESSARY DIGESTIVE FERMENTS.** It is because Cicfa aids digestion in a natural way that **its effect is lasting.** Purgatives—rhubarb, ginger, soda, etc.—may give relief for a short time, but are often followed by even more acute Indigestion.

Sold by all Chemists, price 1/3 and 3/-

WARNING! *There are many imitations of Cicfa on the market. Not one of them is in the least like* ***Cicfa,*** *not one of them can have the same effect as* ***Cicfa.*** ***Insist on having Cicfa and do not be put off with worthless imitations.*** *Look for the Government stamp on every tube.*

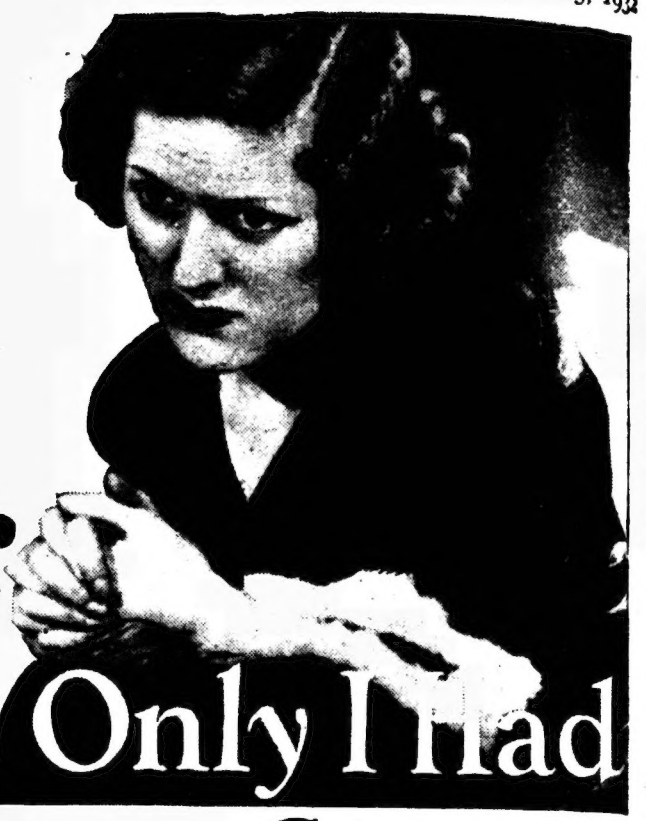
FREE SAMPLE

Send your name and address with this coupon and a 1½d. stamp for postage, and receive a 10-meal test of this wonderful

CICFA

Only one sample given to each family.
THE CICFA CO., 8, Duke St., Manchester Sq., London, W.1.
John Bull 23/7/32.

When replying to advertisers' offers, readers should always address their communications clearly, giving name and full postal address, otherwise unavoidable delay and misdirection of goods or correspondence may result.



If Only I had Signed

HOW often has this heart-felt cry been raised!

A spark sets a little home ablaze. Blackened walls are all that remain. "If only I had signed," says the owner.

How often have readers realised, alas, too late, the consequences of neglecting to sign the forms for JOHN BULL'S Great Free Family Insurance!

Another home lies in the path of storm or flood. Wind and water play havoc. In still another, sickness or accident has cast its shadow. "If only I had signed," says one reader. "I'm *glad* I signed," says another. What a world of difference there is in these two admissions!

On which side are you? Some day calamity may visit *your* home. "If only I had signed." "I'm glad I signed"—which will you be able to say?

It rests with you Sign now. *Remember that* JOHN BULL *is the ONLY paper to pay Fire Benefits, just as it is the ONLY paper to cover you against Storm, Flood or Sickness.*

HOLIDAY CONCESSION.

Readers remain covered whilst away on holiday in Great Britain, Channel Islands and the Isle of Man. The only condition is that in case of a claim arising it will be necessary to show that they purchased JOHN BULL whilst away, and that before leaving they instructed their newsagent to recommence regular delivery immediately on their return.

FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, SICKNESS, ACCIDENT—"John Bull" covers you Free

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL
Hand this Coupon to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent) .....
Address .....
.....
Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.
Signature .....
Address .....
.....
..... Date.....
PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 23/7/32.

CUT HERE

Post this Coupon to
"John Bull" Registration Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.
Age.....
Address .....
.....
.....
Name and Address of Newsagent.
.....
..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 23/7/32.

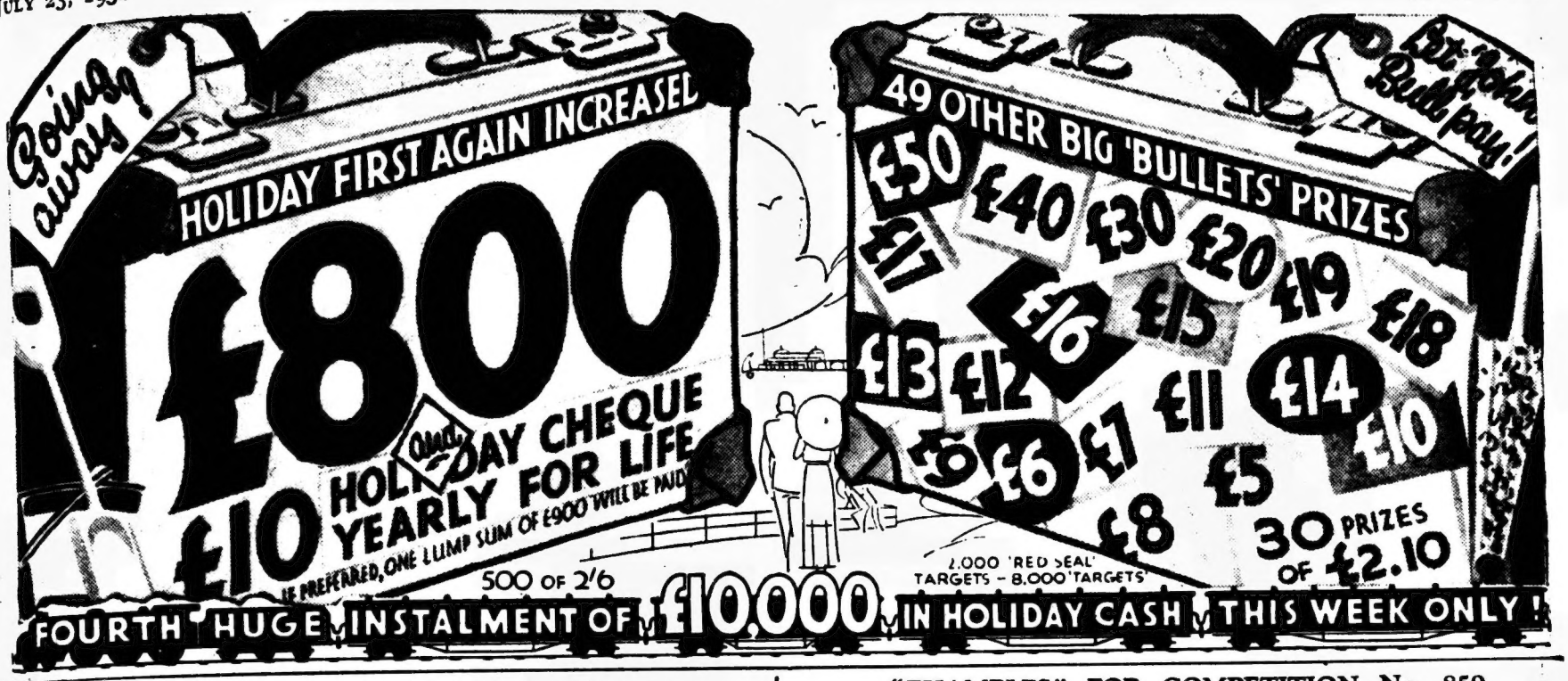
CASH THE COUPONS!

JOHN BULL'S PEN OFFER

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON.

This coupon with P.O. for 2/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all British self-filling Pen with **14 carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years.** Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. **You may send five coupons and P.O. for 1/9** plus 3d. postage and insurance. *State if fine, medium or broad nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra.*
Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

VALUE 3D


Going away?
HOLIDAY FIRST AGAIN INCREASED
£800
£10 HOLIDAY CHEQUE EACH AUGUST FOR LIFE
IF PREFERRED, ONE LUMP SUM OF £900 WILL BE PAID
49 OTHER BIG 'BULLETS' PRIZES
£50 £40 £30 £20 £19 £18 £17 £16 £15 £14 £13 £12 £11 £10 £9 £8 £7 £6 £5
30 PRIZES OF £2.10
2,000 'RED SEAL' TARGETS - 8,000 'TARGETS'
Bet-a-bob Bullet pay!
500 OF 2/6
FOURTH HUGE INSTALMENT OF £10,000 IN HOLIDAY CASH THIS WEEK ONLY!

WIN YOUR HOLIDAY BY JULY 30!

ON goes JOHN BULL'S £10,000 Holiday Campaign—on to a still bigger distribution of holiday cash this week, headed by a First Prize increased yet again!

Above stands a magnificent First Prize of £800, to which will be added a special £10 Holiday Cheque every August for life. Beside it you see that this is only one of fifty substantial Holiday Prizes for good *Bullets*.

Think what that enormous First or any of the other cheques would mean to you. Then settle down to fit together those few words which may bring you a *Bullets* Holiday you will always remember.

First read through the *Examples* below and jot down the ideas which come into your mind as you seek a neat phrase to form a *Bullet*.

You are limited, remember, to TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS, and these must link up with the *Example* to form an apt and original comment.

Thus suppose you take the *Example* UPSET THE PEDESTRIAN, the added words DAMAGES "KNOCKED DOWN" LATER would complete a *Bullet*.

Before starting on your efforts you will be wise to study the winning *Bullets* printed this week.

Then go ahead and make up some prize-worthy *Bullets* yourself, making sure that your entry is in by Saturday, July 30!

RESULT OF "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 855.

CHOICE OF SEVEN BIG PRIZES, AS OFFERED.

Mrs. J. SPENCER, 20, St. Stephen's Road, East Ham, E.
Example:—CURIOUS COINCIDENCE
Bullet:—UNLUCKY WORLD—FEWER HORSESHOES.

SECOND PRIZE OF £200:

Mr. WILLIAM McNALLY, "Glenview," Glenluce, Wigtownshire.
Example: Weary World
Bullets: To You? Do *You*?
(Entered on "Target" prize coupon.)

THIRD PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. J. COCKAYNE, 29, Beatrice Street, Walsall, Staffs.
Example: Mr. Killjoy
Bullet: "Cove" Holiday Guides Omit.

10 PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

H. CHALLIS, 330a, Lordship Lane, East Dulwich, London, S.E.
Weary World—We're "Moving In" To-day.

F. FINCH, 7, Myott Avenue, Newcastle, Staffs.
Life Seems Empty When—Work Done—"Playmate" Gone.
(Entered on "Target" prize coupon.)

Mrs. J. E. GRACIE, 39, Galt Avenue, Irvine, Ayrshire.
Little Man—*Out Of Pocket* Hercules.

A. HUNT, 192, Foster Hill Road, Bedford.
Honest John — Remains "True" — *Accepts* "Conversion."

H. E. LEIGH, 19, Oakfield Road, London, N.
Wear A Smile And—Englishman Hides Behind Paper!

E. LEWIS, 171, Port Tennant Road, Swansea.
Disarming—Hubby's "Another Conference, Dear!"

N. PRESTON, 87, Cemetery Road, Heckmondwike.
Usually Follows—"Wasted" Time—"Leaner" Time.

F. J. TATHAM, 17, Henry Street, Keighley.
Weary World—"Tired Horse" "Whipping" Statesmen.

A. P. WATERS, 164, Siddals Road, Derby.
Path Of Progress—Politicians Keep On—About!

J. WEBSTER, 10, St. Mary's Road, Sheffield.
Politics—"Mess" *Starving* "Unemployed Army."

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

A. G. BILLINGHAM, 2, Victoria Place, Northampton.
Path Of Progress—*Foot By Foot* Path.

J. DONNELLAN, 24, Colmore Road, Liverpool.
The Jerrybuilder — "Cuts Material" — "Lines" Pockets.

G. GEORGE, 25, Milsom Road, West Kensington, W.
Weary World — "Flags," Sending "Stan-cards" Crashing.

W. G. GOODCHILD, 25, Alexandra Avenue, Gillingham, Kent.
The Jerrybuilder—Alarmed—*Prices* "Tumbling Down."

Miss D. GREENWOOD, 56, North End House, London, W.
Plainly — Britain's Sometimes Too "Handsome."

G. M. HADDON, 26, Somerset Way, Iver, Bucks.
The Jerrybuilder—Makes Town's Approach, Reproach.

A. INGLIS, 26, Kansas Avenue, Belfast.
A Cry Was Heard And—Brave Fireman Rescued—Wireless!

F. ROBINSON, 40, Ashford Road, East Ham, E.
Man's Mistake — Saxophone — And Other Weapons.

Mrs. L. WRIGHT, 46, Primrose Hill, Haverhill, Suffolk.
Winking At Dora—Englishman Was Always Dare-devil!

Mrs. WYNNE, 78, Park Avenue, South Crouch End, N.
Speed Maniac—Slowing Us Down, Time.
(Entered on "Target" prize coupon.)

A list of 25 £1, 50 10s. and 500 2/6 prize-winners can be seen at these offices.

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

If you wish to send in more than eight "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief prizes in Competition No. 859 usually purchase "John Bull."

USE THIS COUPON TO SECURE
FREE "BULLETINS"

Our free weekly help for would-be winners is waiting to help you into the prize-list. Make sure of a copy every Thursday by completing this coupon.

I enclose P.O. value 6d. (crossed "and Co.," payable to "John Bull") to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of *Bullets Bulletin*, commencing with next available issue.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

.....

Post to "Bulletin" Dept., Odhams Press Ltd., 19, Short's Gardens, London, W.C.2.
(Do not enclose this coupon with your "Bullets")

"EXAMPLES" FOR COMPETITION No. 859

SHOCK FOR BRITANNIA
TO HELP ALL NATIONS
UPSET THE PEDESTRIAN
AWAY FROM THE SMOKE
WHEN THEY'RE TOGETHER
TO SOLVE THE PROBLEM
I'VE GOT A HOLIDAY, BUT
WHEN WE WERE MARRIED
TREMBLING LIKE A LEAF
REMEMBERS NOTHING
FATE STEPPED IN AND
MEANS
BATTLE OF WITS
LEARNING SENSE
MODEL CHILD
FINE SPECIMEN
AVERAGE MAN
PEACEFUL SPOT
THE DEATH KNELL
LOST HER
BY THE SILVERY SEA
IN GOOD COMPANY
A FEW WORDS
MISSED THE MARK
LIFE OF CRIME
NO PATRIOT
ARTFULLY
OUT OF THE WOOD
ALONE
RIPENING
NOT SETTLED YET
SHOT IN THE DARK

Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(859) P.O. No.
Closing SAT. July 30.
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed
Address

Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(859) P.O. No.
Closing SAT. July 30.
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.
Signed
Address

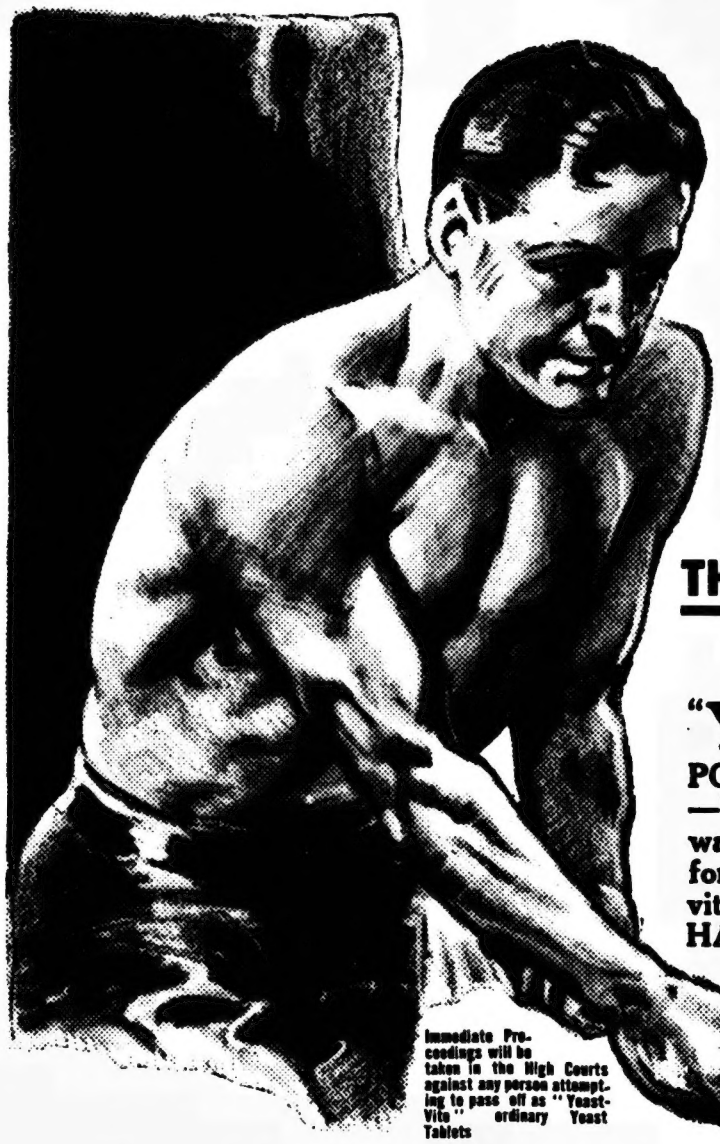
Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(859) P.O. No.
Closing SAT. July 30.
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed
Address

Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(859) P.O. No.
Closing SAT. July 30.
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed
Address

Address Entry:—"Bullets" No. 859, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

"BULLETS" RULES.—1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of Entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

RECORD HOLIDAY OFFER NEXT WEEK
FIRST PRIZE
£250 AND SALOON CAR AND £20 HOLIDAY CHEQUE EACH AUGUST FOR LIFE
FIFTY BIG 'BULLETS' OPPORTUNITIES



Immediate Proceedings will be taken in the High Courts against any person attempting to pass off as "Yeast-Vite" ordinary Yeast Tablets

8 Hammer Blows at ILL-HEALTH

YEAST-VITE Is Life

Yeast-Vite

Brand Tablets

THE WORLD'S *Quickest* PAIN *Reliever*—NERVE *Restorer*—

STRENGTH *Builder* & LIGHTNING PICK-ME-UP.

"YEAST-VITE" is the outstanding Remedial Success of the Age! POWERFULLY—CONSISTENTLY—UNFAILINGLY—it SMASHES its way to victory over the combined forces of Ill-Health. In no less than 8 vitally important ways—8 veritable HAMMER-BLOWS at Ill-Health—

"YEAST-VITE" brings to suffering men and women all over the globe the Buoyant Health, Pain Freedom and LASTING Fitness for which a Millionaire has offered £200,000. Yet it is sold at a TRIFLING cost, which even ALL can afford.

Are you RACKED *with* PAIN?
Are you TORTURED *by* WEAK NERVES?
Are you STARVED *by* INDIGESTION?
Are you MADDENED *by* SLEEPLESSNESS?
Are you FEARFUL *of* BREAKDOWN?
Are you RUN-DOWN *and* OUT-OF-SORTS?
Are you WEAK *and* DEBILITATED?
Is your BLOOD IMPURE?
Resulting in RHEUMATISM *and Uric Acid Ills?*

YOU, too, can benefit TO-DAY!
YOU, too, can experience the Joy and Enthusiasm of Buoyant, Robust, Unfailing Fitness!

---Our Marvellous Secret---

Yeast-Vite gives tonal Energy to the whole system. IT STIMULATES but does not RE-ACT. It REVIVES without AFTER DEPRESSION. The BENEFIT it confers is both IMMEDIATE and LASTING. Yeast-Vite is a scientifically accurate combination of Pure Medicinal Yeast (Saccharomycetis Cerevisiae) Vitamins (especially the all-important Anti-Neuritic Vitamin "B") and other valuable Tonic Ingredients as prescribed by Leading Specialists.

HISTORIC DECLARATION TO ALL

—To EXHAUSTED MOTHERS in search of Nerve Strength and Endurance
—To LISTLESS BUSINESS GIRLS in search of help at difficult times.
—To WEARY BUSINESS MEN in search of Extra Vitality and Energy.
—To WORN-OUT WORKERS of both sexes in need of Added Strength and Vitality

we make the following historic health declaration—

"Take a few 'Yeast-Vite' Tablets and feel Fit and Fresh in a few minutes."

8 *The Greatest Hammer-Blow of All*

NO CURE—NO PAY

Simply obtain a 1/3 bottle of "Yeast-Vite" Brand Tonic Tablets from any Chemist, and if you are not THOROUGHLY CONVINCED of the WONDERFUL POWER and TONIC PROPERTIES of "Yeast-Vite" return the empty carton to Irving's "YEAST-VITE," Ltd., Watford, and your money will be refunded in full.

WARNING—Yeast-Vite must not be confused with ordinary Yeast Tablets.

YOU Need

Yeast-Vite

Brand

QUICK-TONIC TABLETS. All Chemists: 1/3, 3/- and 5/- per Bottle.

1 Poor Digestion
Bilious Headaches, Flatulence, Acidity.

2 Malnutrition
General Weakness, Lassitude.

3 Lack of Vitamins
Nerve Troubles, Functional Weakness.

4 Lack of Vitality
Languor, Persistent Inertia.

5 Weak Stomach
Biliousness, Undigested Food.

6 Weak Nerves
Restlessness, Irritability.

7 Sleeplessness
Nerve-Wearing, Body-Wrecking Nights.

When asking for "Yeast-Vite" make sure you get the genuine article.

SOUND DIGESTION
"Yeast-Vite" contains a Natural Digestive ferment, enabling digestion to proceed properly and painlessly.

FULL NUTRIMENT
"Yeast-Vite" enables you to gain the fullest nutriment from every particle of food you eat.

EXTRA VITAMINS
"Yeast-Vite" provides valuable additional Vitamins which supply a ready to use fund of concentrated energy.

NEW VITALITY
The valuable tonic properties of "Yeast-Vite" bring Buoyant Energy, Stamina and Disease Resistance.

STRONG STOMACH
"Yeast-Vite" strengthens the stomach, purifies the blood and removes the noxious poisons.

STEADY NERVES
"Yeast-Vite" FEEDS the Nerves—brings calmness and PEACE—Life becomes Cheery—Worth Living.

REFRESHING SLEEP
"Yeast-Vite" brings that deep Slumber, when Strength, Energy and Nerve force are restored.

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T.J.B.